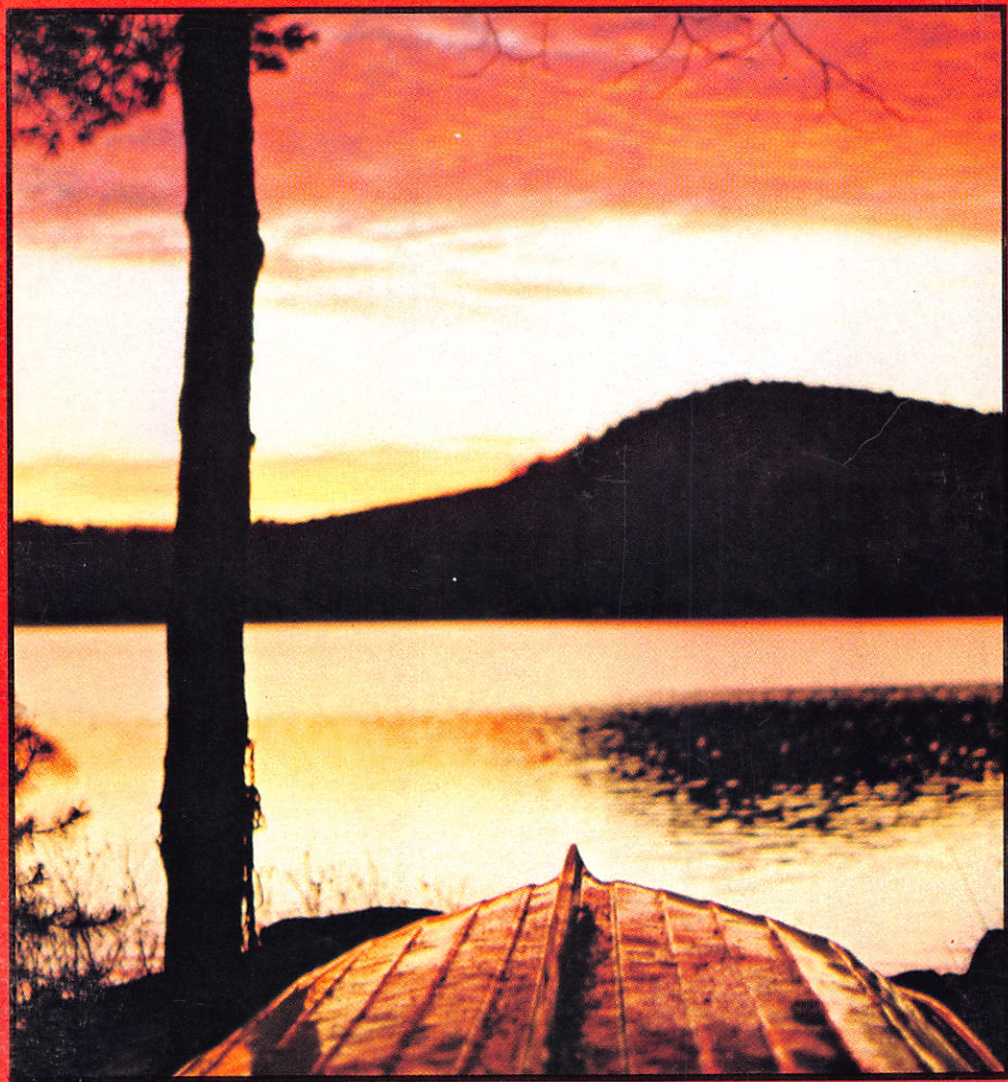


# BitterSweet<sup>75¢</sup>

July, 1978

*The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region*

Vol. 1 No. 9



**Mastering The Fireman's Muster  
Otisfield's Cape: A Summer Place**

**Fear and Fighting on the Oxford Central Railway.**



Dear Peter - 7-78

You wouldn't believe what I saw the other day. There I was down by the barn when-woosh! Right over my head soared my horse, ole Harry an' you know what had him? Yes sir-one of the dang biggest horse flies you've ever seen. Why that fly would soar way up into the sky-drop ole Harry 'bout 40 feet free style-swoop down-nab him right by the hindquarters an' up again. I finally drew a bead on that fly when Harry was in one of those free style flights-wham-that fly was no where around, but ole Harry was-SPLOT-right into the pig pen. Why took us all day to get that horse out'a that mud.

Bert.

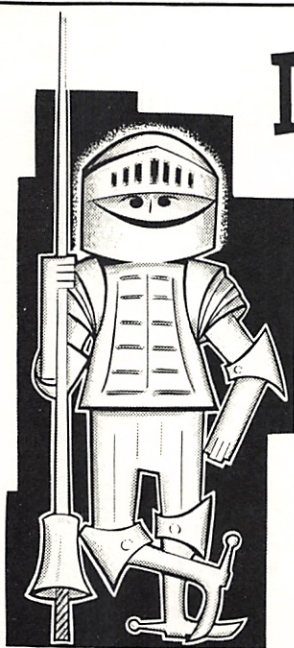
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Peter.



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# Crossroads

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COVER: Summer Sunset by Bill Haynes





# BitterSweet

Box 301, Oxford, ME 04270  
207 / 743-8225

Bruce H. Day & David E. Gilpatrick  
*Founders*

Michael & Sandy Wilhelm  
*Publisher and Editor*

Pat White Gorrie  
*Associate Editor*

Brenda Haynes  
*Advertising Manager*

Lottie Record  
*Distribution Manager*

Otisfield's Cape: A Summer Place	
by Pat White Gorrie .....	6
The Incredible Auction	
by Abbott Ames .....	12
Mastering The Fireman's Muster	
by Sandy Wilhelm .....	16
Fear And Fighting On the Oxford	
Central Railway (Part I)	
by Lowell D. Henley .....	20
Squeedunk's See-Session	
Fiction by Jerry Genesis .....	32
BitterSweet Notes .....	24
Goings On .....	26
Heading Out: Bethel's Moses Mason	
House Museum by Stanley Howe ...	28
Medicine For The Hills	
by Michael Lacombe, M.D. ....	34
You Don't Say .....	36
Homemade: The Bean Hole Bean	
Festival's Famous Fare .....	38
Poetry	
Paris Hill by Larry Billings .....	13
Marriage by John Garnham .....	23
The Separation by Dana Lowell .....	40
Reader's Room: Confessions of a	
Farm Team Mother	
by Jane Perham Stevens .....	43
Ayuh .....	50

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## BitterSweet Views

We spent one of those special, almost-too-good-to-be true, summer evenings not long ago at The Center Lovell Inn. It wasn't just that the food was out of this world (roast suckling pig; plum stuffing; fruit compote in champagne; lasagna piccola; homemade dressing prepared with danish blue cheese, olive oil and fresh lemon; rich Italian cheese cake). The restaurant, as conceived and carried out by Bil and Sue Mosca in a turn-of-the-century country inn, is unquestionably among the finest in the area. (It's been a lifetime ambition write the Moscas on their menu, to share with guests some of the best Italian cuisine from family recipes dating back five generations.)

The inn's setting, itself, was of another era. We chatted quietly with other guests in a comfortable parlor prior to being seated for dinner. Between courses, we were free to stroll out onto the spacious front porch to catch a last glimpse of the White Mountains before nightfall. Everything came to a standstill when we were urged by our hosts to take time out to view a stunning sunset over Lake Kezar. It was dining at a pace that has all but disappeared.

For a look at another grand old lifestyle which has changed very little over half a century, Associate Editor Pat White Gorrie visited *The Cape*

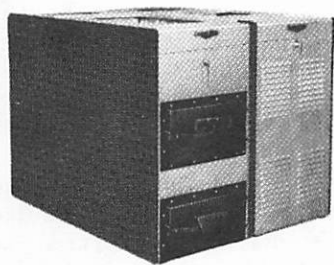
in Otisfield, which celebrates its 50th anniversary as a summer resort this year. Her article, on page 6, is a step back to a place where vacationing has meant — and continues to mean — corn roasts and song fests, foggy fishing trips and Friday night dances at the Community Hall.

Norway and South Paris firemen — along with hundreds of cohorts throughout the northeast — are indulging in some old-time recreation of their own — the fireman's muster (page 17). On August 15, the two departments will exhibit their skills at an old-fashioned handtub muster competition which they're hosting at the Oxford County Fairgrounds.

A bit of history which never quite came off is the subject of an account of the planning, partial construction and ultimate abandonment of Central Oxford County's only railroad during the 1800's, which begins on page 20.

A tour of Bethel's Moses Mason House Museum — which gives a glimpse of how a prominent family lived during the first half of the 19th century — is provided by museum curator Stanley Howe on page 28.

And, tips on how those of us here today can make the most of all that history are offered by avid auction-goer Abbott Ames on page 12.



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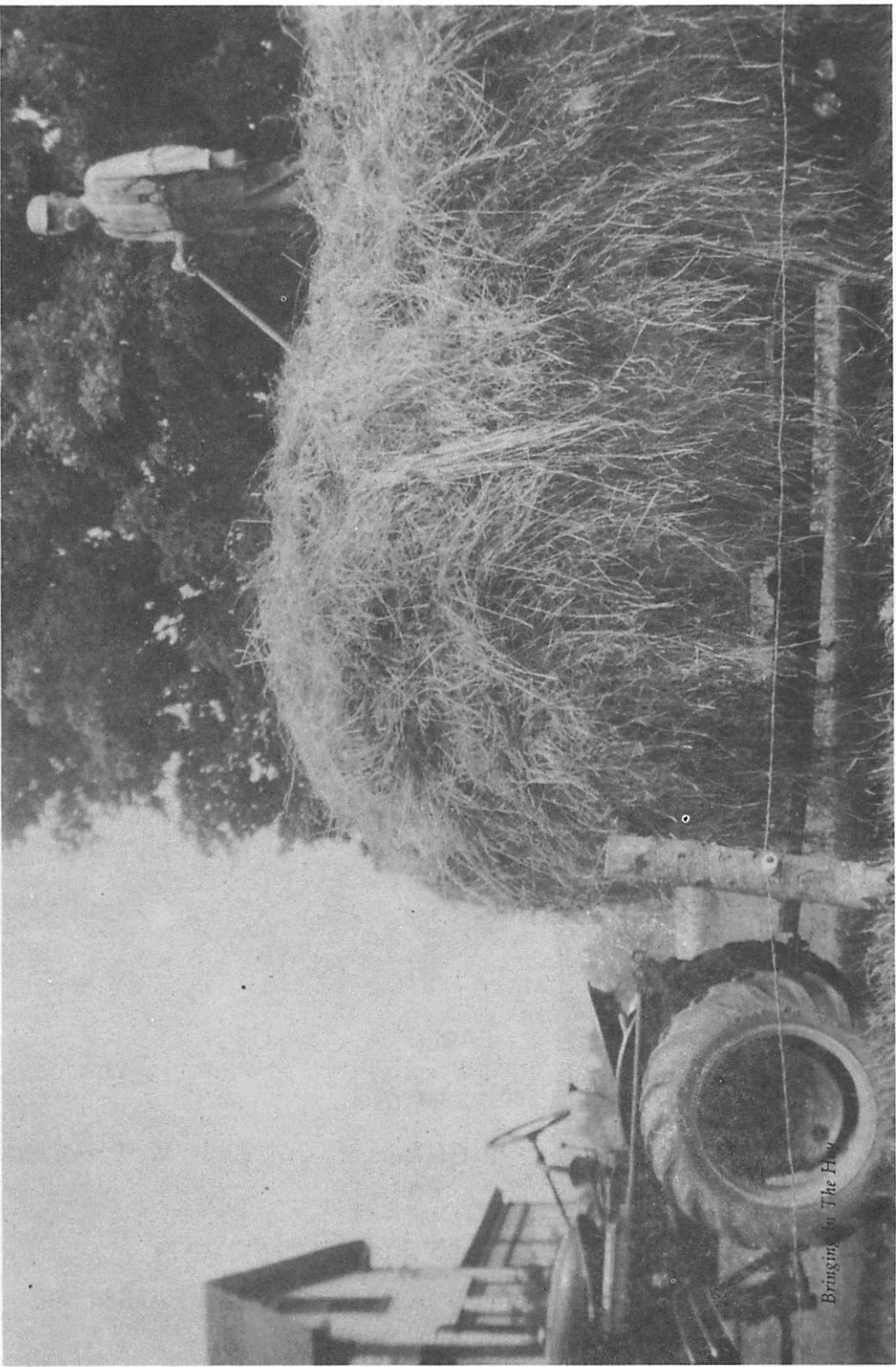
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Bringing In The Hay

## Otisfield's Cape: A Summer Place

"The cabins and the big house and the ancient pine trees have been part of happy living at The Cape in Otisfield..."



*The big house*



by Pat White Gorrie

of 50 years of warm, rich



For half a century, people have summered here. They've come to play, to rest, to be alone; to sail in and out of tiny coves; to fish out cabin windows for salmon and togue and bass; to wade and swim along the safe, shallow shore; or just to sit on a pine-beamed porch and peer through tall trees toward the clear, sweet waters of Lake Thompson.

Many have grown up here or grown old. Some have fallen in love here, married, honeymooned and brought their babies back, as their parents did before them. The cabins and the big house and the ancient pine trees have been part of 50 years of warm, rich, happy living at *The Cape* in Otisfield.

Alfred "Honey" Baril, who spent 20 vacations at *The Cape* before succumbing to Otisfield's rural charms and buying his own wooded, blueberry-rimmed camp nearby, will tell you with an intensity that matches his brilliant blue eyes, "I'm glad *The Cape* and the Beans have passed through my life."

The Beans to which Honey refers are Frank E. Bean, a Churchillian type, seldom seen without a cigar in his mouth, who built *The Cape* up from a one-cabin resort to the 25 building-compound it is today, with the help of his late wife Margaret who handled the bookings, bookkeeping and decorating. Son Steve began helping his folks as soon as he was old enough. Today, he and his wife, Ethel, a Bethel native, share *The Cape* responsibilities with father Frank.

Honey has some funny stories to tell about his friend. "Frank's an expert at doing hard things easily," he says. "For instance, one year he installed a hot water tank in my cabin and I soon found that the tank was leaking and water was running out under the closet door into the rest of the room. Several times I approached Frank about the problem, usually when he was relaxing with a beer in his hand.

'That hot water tank leaks, Frank.'

'That right?'

'Yeah, it sure does.'

'Well, we'll have to do something about that.'

"Whereupon, he drilled some holes in the closet floor so the water would drip through onto the ground."

Actually, Honey realized much later that Frank knew the leaks would rust enough to seal themselves up in pretty short order.

"Then there was the tenant who complained because her flush toilet offended her sensibilities. She said the water came up too high in the bowl.

"Frank educated her to the fact that the toilet water wasn't too high; she was sittin' too low.

"Frank used to have charge of the local telephone system, which had a switchboard in Chet Lamb's store. One time a

subscriber's phone line needed to be repaired and Frank and a couple fellas went to look the situation over. Frank decided a second wire should be run and, after looking around unsuccessfully for a drill, he sent one of the boys for his 30-30 rifle, took careful aim, and shot right through the wall at just the right place for a new wire.

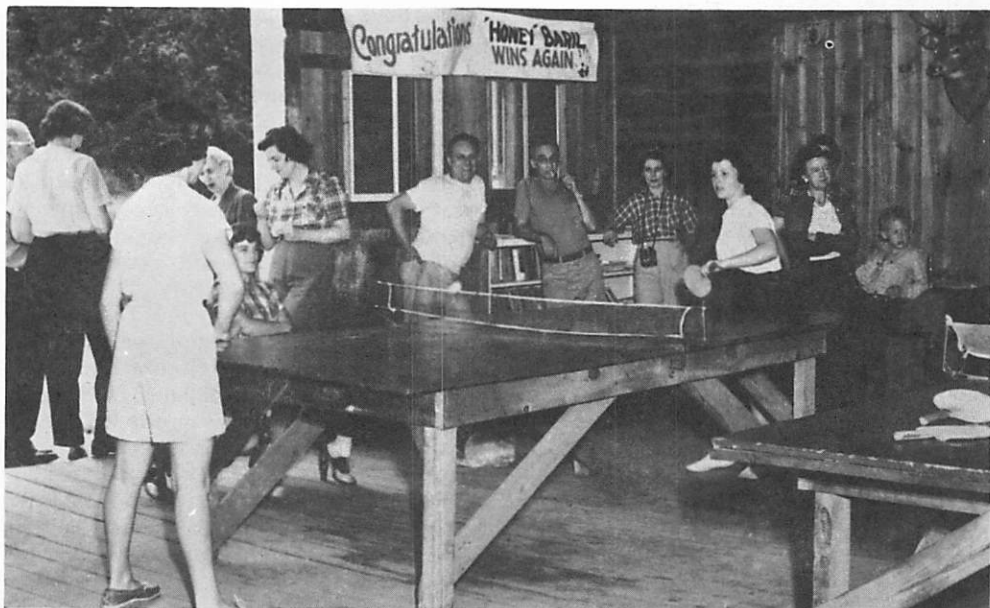
'Looks good as hell,' said Frank.

"However, when examined from the other side, the results were not quite the same. Frank was heard to mutter, 'not neat.'

Stories can be told about Honey, too, for he ran for "Mayor of the Cape" many a summer, usually against a Philadelphia lawyer named Joe Murphy who was always cast in the role of "bad guy." Honey wasn't above tracing his hand onto lengths of cardboard, up to 50 times, so that when a show of hands was needed to clinch the election, his wee campaigners and their doting mothers were able to hold up the signs and give him the vote by a landslide.

Honey also whipped together a small-fry "Cape Fleet" that staged a regatta in flag-bedecked, gaily-decorated little boats. At the end of their sail, the boys and girls were presented caps and epaulettes confirming their promotion to "Admiral" by none other than "Commodore Honey" himself.

As part of *The Cape's* 50th Anniversary



*Celebrating a Baril victory*





Steve and Frank Bean

celebration this summer, Ethel is putting together an album of Cape snapshots. The pictures show families such as the Kipps who have been coming to the place for 40 years, always to the same cottage (which bears their name), and whose son and his children now vacation there as well. When John Lipp arrived at *The Cape* one summer after a serious back operation, Margaret Bean arranged for him to have a hospital bed. It was as pleasant a recuperation as could have been possible anywhere, with the Beans looking in on the Kipps daily and tending to their needs.

There are pictures of fallen trees and smashed windows from the hurricane that swept through the Bean's land in 1938. Two hundred pine trees were uprooted. Van and Ed Irvin, from Springhouse, Pennsylvania, had packed and cleaned up cabin, preparing to leave, when "the lake went wild," as Van recalls.

"My husband crawled out on his belly to take pictures. It looked as if a giant was taking scoops of water and throwing them in the air. I lay on the couch in the living room and watched the trunk of a huge tree disappear from view, then swing past the window and disappear again. By this time we could hear trees in the woods going down around us and could only pray that our car would not be hit. Our battery-powered radio talked of 95 mile-an-hour winds on Mt. Washington and we began to suspect we

wouldn't be leaving in the morning. It took four men half a day to cut the downed trees that blocked the road.

"How well we remember Margaret and Frank's friendliness and our delight in an occasional handout of Margaret's blueberry pie when we'd go for the mail... and our surprise in learning that Frank was a cake baker par excellence..."

Baking cakes and cutting up pine trees come easily to Frank. He built his first log cabin when he was 14 years old, and even assured his own water supply by putting a tank on the roof. Thirty houses later, he is still at it, building the structures literally from the ground up, cutting the trees from his own 100 acres and debarking them; building cabinets and closets, scrounging windows and doors from demolished buildings whenever he can and designing each building to take full advantage of the stunning lake view.

The buildings are part of an irresistible setting which brings families back year after year. Edna H. Souler first came to *The Cape* in 1928, and now the fourth generation of her family, Allen and Shiela Toole, who own a food store in Casco, visits regularly.

"Fishing was what my husband, Roy, liked best," Mrs. Souler says. "He caught those big land-locked salmon, the most delicious fish ever. And sometimes at night a group would go out and in a short time come back with a pail of 'hornpout.' Next morning

we had them for breakfast. Nothing before or since has tasted so good. We cooked on a wood-burning stove and I'm sure it gave a flavor never achieved on an electric one. It was more work to cook on those stoves but the Beans kept us well-supplied with wood. That's another memory — the smell of wood burning as we prepared meals, especially in the morning. Those meals were half the reason for company overstaying their visits by three or four days..."

Dr. Beryl Moore, Oxford County's beloved country doctor, lives at *The Cape* in the big house where she is part of the family. She first began visiting as a very young doctor, fresh from Tufts Medical School and an internship in Lewiston, to give daily medical attention to Mrs. Elliott, wife of *The Cape's* original owner. Frank Bean's father and mother, Arthur and Maria, were of such great assistance to the Elliotts — as caretakers, secretary and cook — and the Elliotts became so fond of them both, that eventually the property was passed on to the Beans.

Dr. Moore was invited by the new owners to dine at *The Cape* on Sundays and thus began her long, close association with the Bean family. She is part of the place now, reading quietly in the drawing room, or spending a sunny afternoon chatting with friends in Ethel's favorite room, the plant-filled sunporch where Dr. Moore's own childhood wicker rocker sits near a tole-tray table designed by long-time guest Edna Souler.

Dr. Moore has been a very handy doctor-in-residence whenever *The Cape's* young vacationers rushed in with skinned knees or elbows. Her 1946 jeep, in which she still makes housecalls, is frequently borrowed by Steve so he can make his way along the muddy ruts to whatever new cabin is being constructed.

Often, in the children's cheery playroom, Dr. Moore will sit at the little piano, her fingers effortlessly rendering New Orleans jazz and Rogers and Hammerstein show tunes.

"I've played ever since I can remember. My mother taught me," she says.

Steve and Ethel's rose-cheeked daughters, Sara, four, and Amber, one and a half, clamber around her with their ragdolls, taking time out to sway on their tiny legs to her music, or to squat and pat her shaggy



Dr. Beryl Moore, playing

black Schnauzer.

Many of *The Cape's* guests grew so fond of the area that they bought homes. Attorney David Whittier, radio producer Jud Higgins, and artist Jean Randall are some of the Oxford Hills locals who started out as summer people.

Pat and Effie Swinchatt, Connecticut Yankees who own their own cottage on Lake Thompson now, entertained General James H. Doolittle, the bushy-browed World War II hero who commanded the first flight of bombers over Tokyo, while staying at *The Cape* in 1955. Doolittle loved the fishing and the relaxing so much that Frank Bean saw to it he was made an honorary member of Lake Thompson's Fish and Game Association.

There have been many illustrious guests over the years. E. B. White, the famous author of *Charlotte's Web* and other books for children of all ages, gave his goose and two ducks to little Sara and Amber.

New Jersey Judge Robert Muir, most famous for his decision in the Karen Quinlan case, has been a vacationer at *The Cape* many times.

Whether famous or obscure, guests have shared equally in the fun and hi-jinks, from fish found in toilets, snake egg hunts and corn roasts in tiny Sand Island, to songfests

around bonfires, foggy fishing trips and Friday night dances in the nearby little Community Hall building.

Sometimes there's a lawn party where a roast pig turns on the spit for hours, tantalizing everyone's appetite, and where Ethel's brandy-laced apple pie is served up for dessert, along with bowls of strawberries or blueberries picked by *Cape* women on jaunts to local berry fields.

"I like to take visitors places and get them doing things they wouldn't do back in New York or Philadelphia," Ethel says. Her face reveals a love for the way of life she married into in 1972. She and Steve met at Gould Academy in Bethel, and spent many hours baking pie in the huge old kitchen. Now, she is at home here, taking the responsibilities in stride, wandering through the rooms to proudly point out the fine old tables filled with plants and flowers, and the vista beyond the windows. She takes care of the reservations, sews draperies and slipcovers and plans dinner parties, all with an unruffled brow and the babies in tow.

Steve works with his father, building the cottages, helping lay the brick and stone for fireplaces, tending to details like having Bob McAllister, Otisfield's plumbing inspector, come over to dowse with a tree branch for water so the Beans can know where to put

the new well and how far down it will have to go.

The Beans maintain their own roads, with Frank riding the antique road grader, bought 40 years ago from the town, behind the jeep which Steve drives. They are the same roads on which a local dairy farmer delivered milk in winter by horse and sleigh when Steve was a boy. The younger Bean still remembers how his mother churned butter from the cream that rose to the top of the milk cans.

Other memories crowd in, too, like the \$10 boat Frank once bought and later traded for a hearse. The hearse never did get fixed up enough to drive around town, but it was a great setting for telling ghost stories on long summer evenings.

One day, a guy with a donkey came along and wanted the hearse, so Frank swapped it for the donkey, which was *The Cape* pet until it foolishly stomped on Frank's foot. Frank promptly shot it, and ended that particular chain of bartering transactions.

Like the widening bands of ripples which spread from pebbles tossed into the lake, *Cape* tales go on forever. They are repeated and enlarged upon, circling out from the people who have stayed here and considered it a second — and many times a favorite — home.





# The Incredible Auction

by Abbott Ames

"A sale like this can be very educational"

An auction can be lots of fun — especially a genuine country auction held in the dooryard of an old farm house where you can sit in the shade of a maple tree, enjoy a hot dog and a soft drink as you watch the shirt-sleeved auctioneer dispose of a family's treasures from attic, parlor and barn.

A sale like this can be very educational. You may learn that your oak commode is now worth seventy-five dollars instead of the twenty-five a dealer offered you two years ago. And you may realize that your flow blue teapot is worth very little because of the way chips and cracks hurt the value of glass and china things.

I attend several auctions each year and I learn something at most of them. I am going to tell you about one I went to that I will never forget. It was unique; in some ways, incredible.

The auction was held on the 18th of August, a Wednesday, two years ago at the Walker Farm on Pikes Hill in Norway. There was no indication in advance that it would be anything other than an ordinary country auction. Hervey Wiley, the auctioneer-to-be, had mailed out a hundred-or-so flyers to dealers he hoped might be interested in coming; and Harry Walker, owner of the farm, had scattered hand-made posters in five surrounding towns. Auction notices

appeared in only two local papers, *The Lewiston Sun* and *The Advertiser-Democrat*. Yet, before the sale was over that day, more than a few of us present were shaking our heads in wonder at what we were witnessing.

The day broke sunny and mild, just right for being outdoors. By nine o'clock in the morning, cars were streaming up the four Pikes Hill roads leading to the farm, and before ten o'clock, they were parked solidly on both sides of the Walker road for a quarter of a mile. People milled about in the spacious barn and in the adjoining tie-up inspecting the two hundred-plus antique items on display. A line had formed to the bookkeeper's table where two busy girls registered potential bidders and handed them numbered cards. The caterers, a church group, arrived with coffee, doughnuts and other eats.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Wiley took his position in the wide doorway, flanked by his crew of four willing workers. They faced three hundred people, seated in chairs they had brought with them, or on the dry grass. Mr. Wiley stated briefly the rules of the sale. Then a helper held up the first item, a jug. It brought four dollars.

The next several offerings went for reasonably good prices. A quilt drew \$33, a Shaker-type basket \$19, a six-piece

chamber set \$85. Then an old pewter whale oil lamp was held aloft in front of the auctioneer's table.

In spite of some damage, the lamp quickly drew bids. Fifty dollars was reached, then a hundred. I thought the bids would stop there, but hands kept going up. Soon a bidder dropped out, then another. Now it had narrowed down to just two dealers, a South Paris man and a lady from Canton, seated at opposite sides of the wide fan of people. As soon as one made a bid, all heads turned in the other bidder's direction. Back and forth, back and forth, the heads chased the bids.

"Do I hear a hundred and twenty?" asked the auctioneer.

The lady dealer wiggled her numbered card.

"A hundred and thirty?" inquired the auctioneer.

Her opponent nodded his head.

This went on for several minutes. The bidding hit \$200, and I wondered if I was hearing right. Finally it ended at \$230 with the lady from Canton the proud owner of the lamp.

Why such a high price? I still don't know. The lamp was very old, not at all common. And the maker's name on the bottom was Gleason, a very desirable name in old pewter. But when two determined people lock horns at an auction, price rules may as well be tossed to the winds.

Toys usually go well at auctions, and this day was no exception. Two German stuffed horses on wheels brought a total of \$60. A small Paris Mfg. Co. wooden cart went for \$45, a small iron locomotive for \$17, and a twelve-inch auto made of heavy tin hit \$61.

Some good furniture is almost a must for a successful auction. The highest bid in this sale was made for a set of six fiddleback chairs with the original stenciling in a fruit design. The bidding started strong and didn't falter until \$340 was reached. My guess had been a top bid of \$150. But I shouldn't have been surprised. Sets of chairs in sixes are not plentiful, and these chairs had no broken legs or splintered backs. A Fryeburg lady was very happy to take them home.

The prices paid in the early stages of any auction can shape the direction of that auction. If the first ten or fifteen items bring low prices, it's likely that most of the

remaining items will not do as well. The bidders, influenced by the bargain prices, will continue to think "low."

Some auctioneers start a sale by putting up something they're sure will hit a high figure. They start the sale off with a bang, so to speak, and fire up their patrons so they'll bid high on the following offerings. It often works, but if that first important piece *doesn't* bring a high bid the auctioneer can be in trouble.

It is safer to start an auction with minor items and then move to the better antiques that will upgrade the bidding and thus create a rising tempo. This was the strategy used in the Walker sale and it worked well. The high prices paid for the whale oil lamp and the set of six chairs evidently impressed the crowd and, in effect, enhanced the value of the remaining things.

Anyway, from this point on several ordinary items brought unexpectedly high bids. It was as though most of the people present had decided that everything up there in the barn was valuable and that they were going to take something home no matter what the cost.

For instance, a party paid \$18 for a pair of deep blue bottles used in the forties to contain milk of magnesia. A glass jug with a label naming the contents as an abortion cure for animals got \$24. A tin cigaret box hit \$26. And a Hood five-gallon milk can also brought an unlikely \$26. All these prices are far out; really ridiculous. But more than one person wanted each of the items and that's all that's required.

The caterers ran out of food and left before one o'clock. The sun got warmer but most of the crowd remained. People found

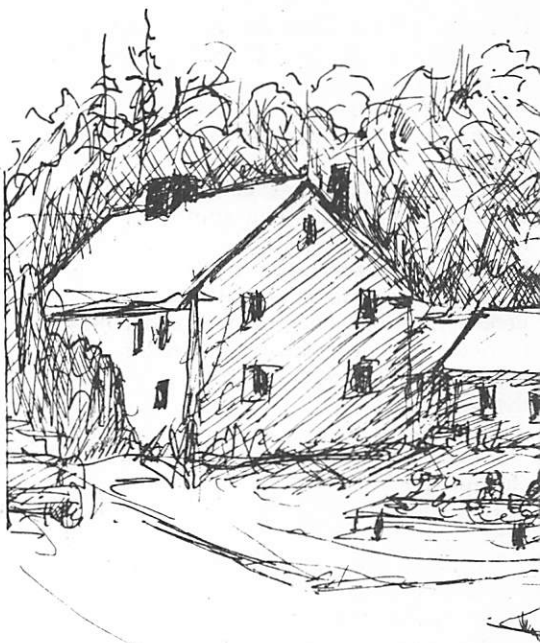
## PARIS HILL

Sedate, reclusive, white  
They lie between the blue  
Of regnant sky  
And green of mortal earth —  
Houses glow with dreams of men  
Who steered the nation's course  
And then came home to die.  
So the secret with them passed  
Of pride, of faith, of worth —  
We now but stem the mounting tide  
Of negligence and dearth.

Larry Billings  
Bryant Pond



Harry Walker



Mr. Wiley an amusing and considerate auctioneer and this fact helped keep them in their chairs.

A spinning wheel went for \$55. And a flax wheel, without the wheel, made \$70. Why so much for the incomplete item? Because it was signed. "M. Thompson" was burned plainly into the wood of the plank body. Thompson had operated years ago in the Canton-Livermore area, and his product was won by the lady dealer from Canton.

Now for the sampler. I had examined it during the inspection and mentally placed its value at \$25. But I got the surprise of my life as two women battled for it and pushed the price over \$100, then over \$200, to an unbelievable \$210.

"My Gawd!" a man behind me muttered. "Over two hundred bucks for a piece of cloth!"

Actually, the sampler was quite a bit more than just a piece of cloth. It had an amusing poem about woman's duty to man, and plainly stitched on it was the maker's name and address and a partial date: Liza McAn,

Hallowell, Maine, August 10, 18--. The needlework was excellent, I was told by a knowing lady.

Still, \$210 is a lot of money for such an item. The new owner was a lady dealer from Hallowell who evidently couldn't resist going all out for a hometown memento. I believe no higher price was paid for a sampler in any Maine auction that year.

The sale ended at two o'clock with practically nothing left in the barn, and I headed for home with the lamp and the greeting cards I had bought. As I drove away, it dawned on me more and more that I had witnessed a most unusual auction. The men who had conducted it were not professionals, yet the results of the sale were certainly better than most professionals could have hoped for. I decided to figure out why.

A week later I called on Mr. Walker and he kindly granted my request to study the auction books for an hour and take notes. The ledger revealed that a hundred and sixty-one people had registered to bid, a high number for any but the biggest of Maine auctions. Folks came from twelve states and the Province of Quebec. Only thirty-seven were dealers. The number of items sold and



the money received for them were divided almost fifty-fifty between dealers and non-dealers.

This is rare. I've been to auctions where nearly everything put up was purchased by dealers. In this sale, Mr. and Mrs. Anybody made themselves heard. It was no place for a group of dealers to have formed a pool. They would have been driven up the wall by the many bidding non-dealers.

I concluded there were several reasons why this Pikes Hill auction was such a success. First, the day was nice and sunny, which is always a help. And the summer visitors were still in Maine, which is also a plus since they can be counted on to flock to country auctions.

Then there was the wide variety of items put up for sale. Bidders never knew what would come up next and this kept the crowd alert.

Of great importance was the fact that no other auction was held in western Maine on the day of the Walker sale. There just was no competition. A lucky choice of a date.

But of the greatest significance, I feel, was the fact that practically all of the items offered for sale that day had been in the Walker family for generations. Not one

thing there had ever appeared in a flea market or in a sale of any kind before. The bidders knew this and appreciated the fact that they were getting first chance to become the new owners. Everything was from fifty to two hundred years old. Nothing modern, nothing reproduced. Just the way a country auction should be.

If you have countless old things in your village or country home, and you're wondering if you could have an auction that could match the one I've written about, I would say you might — with luck.

Pick a nice day in July or August when there's no other auction in your part of the state. Offer a wide variety of antique but useful items, two or three hundred or so, which have been in your family for generations, and you could be a very happy — and richer — person before sunset.

When an auction sale greatly exceeds the expectations of all concerned, it is called a "happening" by those in the antique business. The auction I have described in these pages was a happening. And it happened in Norway, Maine.

*Ames is a retired professional man who is making the most of living in Oxford County.*

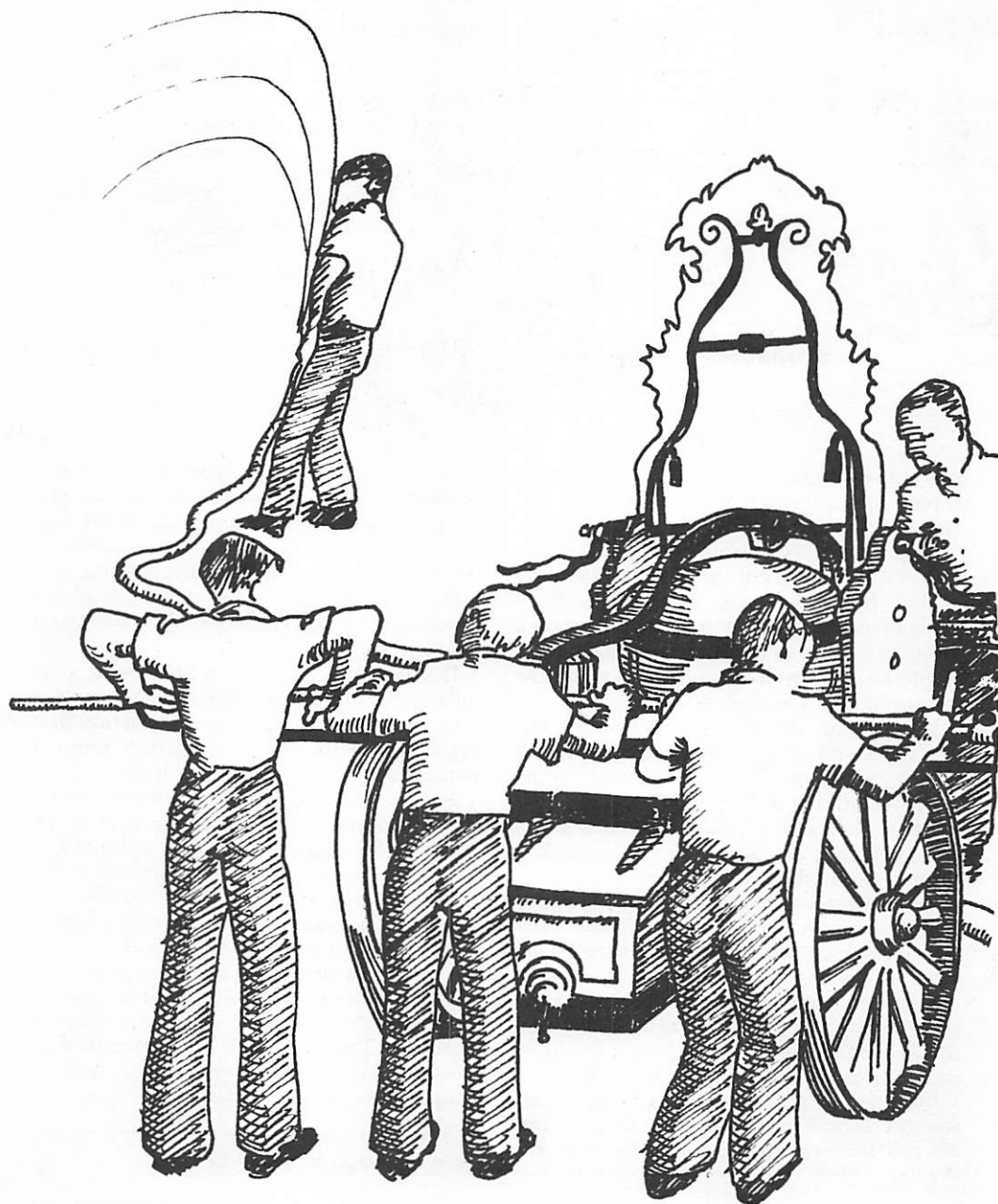




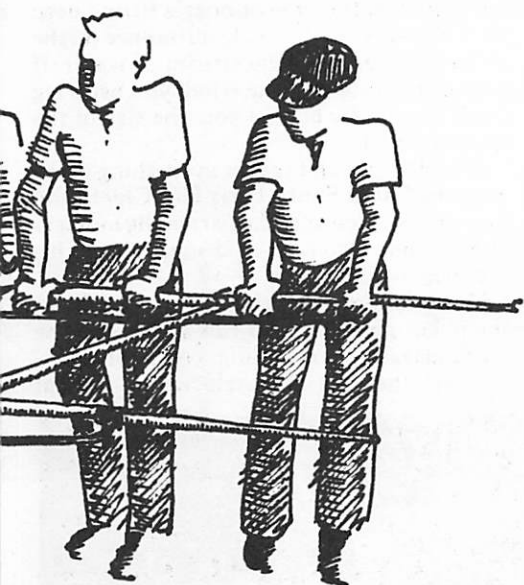
# Mastering The Fireman's Muster

by Sandy Wilhelm

"Although companies seldom wind up turning their hoses on one another, in earlier contests, for many... mustering is a serious affair..."



as was a common occurrence



Rivalry among volunteer firefighters has been characteristic of the breed since the time that Benjamin Franklin founded the first volunteer company in 1736. In the days before mechanized equipment, volunteer departments would haul their tiny hand tubs (so named because the machines consisted of a tub of water from which a hand-worked pump took suction) out to fires, frantically working to fill the tub with water by bucket brigade, and then pumping it furiously in order to be the first machine to move the water to the flames.

That traditional spirit of competition among hand tub companies was formalized in 1890 with establishment of the New England States Veteran Firemen's League, set up to encourage one of the country's oldest sports by sponsoring a series of muster competitions. On August 5, at 12:30 p.m., the Norway and South Paris Fire Departments, in cooperation with the league, will play their part in perpetuating the practice by hosting a hand tub muster at the Oxford County Fairgrounds.

The muster is an ideal outlet for the curious blend of camaraderie, bravado and fierce commitment which has always characterized the volunteer fireman. Begun as a way of settling braggard claims between tub companies about whose machines were the best, the competition offers a chance for departments to match their physical prowess and firefighting know-how purely for sport, with members of the community-at-large, who have an obvious stake in the ability of their local firefighters to tackle the task, able to join in the festivities. Most musters, like the one scheduled for Oxford in August, begin with a parade of handsome, restored, 19th century hand tubs and include a picnic lunch.

The muster itself is a simple affair, designed to measure the ability of various teams of competing firemen to move streams of water long distances. Each crew is given 15 minutes in which to set up its hand tub and play the water through 150 feet of hose across a 125-foot stretch, to a sheet of paper measuring 8 feet wide and 160 feet long, on which distances are logged. Water is fed into the tub and then pumped by means

of a set of long wooden bars, known as brakes. The brakes rock a metal beam which, in turn, moves a piston pump, shooting the water out the end of the machine.

The pumping procedure is back-breaking work, with 40 or 50 men usually required to make a respectable showing. A team is likely to manage only about three pumping tries within the 15 minute time limit.

The atmosphere surrounding a fireman's muster is part church picnic, part horserace sweepstakes. Although companies seldom wind up turning their hoses on one another as was a common occurrence in the earlier contests — for many, like South Paris Fire Department Muster Foreman Bill Grover, mustering is a serious affair.

"When we compete, we go to win," says Grover, who has led his squad, after two years of competition, to a position of being one of the teams to beat this season. A pump of 243 feet 6 inches at Newmarket, New Hampshire last year established a record for the South Paris machine and won the crew a first place prize.

As foreman, it is Grover's job to decide at what point his men should start and stop their frantic pumping in order to raise the pressure inside the tub's tank to the 140-or-so pounds required to shoot the water a decent distance. He must also read the wind to the team's best advantage, relying on a line of women stationed with flags which serve as wind indicators along the border of the measuring paper.

The nozzle man, at the end of the hose, also plays a key role in competition. He must respond immediately to the foreman's order

to release the water, recognizing not only the right time to shoot, but also the proper direction and height to send it.

Grover admits that, although there's both brute strength and skill involved in a successful pump, luck also plays its part. If the wind is right, blowing behind the stream of water, the length of the shoot is greatly increased. If the wind is against the stream, the pumping of 100 men won't move the water any appreciable distance.

Whether a team pumps early or late in the day will greatly affect its performance. The order of competition is determined a week prior to each muster so that the men can prepare their strategy based on their position in the lineup. The closer to the top of the list a team is, the better its chances for a good finish, according to Grover, since the crowd support will dwindle as the day wears on. If a squad pumps later than position 15, it may as well forget about winning, he says.

There are also some secrets to the trade. For instance, the type of nozzle fitting used on the hose will make a big difference on the distance covered by the stream of water. If you're shooting into the wind, you use a big tip. If the wind's behind you, the size of the tip is reduced.

"People just don't realize everything that's involved," says South Paris Fire Chief John Bryant, who doesn't take part in the musters himself, but who is an avid supporter of his department's efforts.

His wife, Betty, is a little less gung-ho as she pokes good-natured fun at some of the razzle-dazzle surrounding competition — such as the special nozzle which is kept



*Grover with South Paris' Pacific Handtub*

under lock and key by Grover in a sumptuous, specially-made, velvet-lined box.

But, all the hoop-la can pay off. There is big money to be won at the dozen or so musters entered by serious competitors every summer. At the August 5th Oxford muster, for instance, a \$400 first prize will be awarded the top finisher in Class A (tubs with pistons measuring more than seven inches) and Class B (tubs with pistons measuring less than seven inches). In all, the first nine finishers will receive money and trophies.



Modern day mustering is a natural outgrowth of restoration efforts on the old handtubs, which were at their prime in the mid-1800's. Both the South Paris and Norway Fire Departments, for instance, set out initially to simply renovate the stately little machines which had once served the towns so long and well.

Both the tubs were built by William C. Hunneman of Roxbury, Mass., an apprentice of Paul Revere, and were among the 67 Hunneman machines sold to Maine prior to the advent of the more modern steam-powered engine in the 1860's. The 1854 Paris model, dubbed the Pacific Handtub, was renovated as part of the town's bicentennial observance.

Work on the slightly smaller Norway machine, the Oxford Bear, began about a year and a half ago.

In both instances, the job has been a community affair, with town monies raised to help fund the repairs and local industries dedicating time and money to the effort. The Paris tub is essentially finished, with only some minor refinements left to be made. Norway's machine is about 90 per cent completed.

For many firemen in both departments, the restoration work has been all-consuming. The hand-finished brass and copper tub parts, the hand-turned wooden wheels and carved rosettes, leather buckets and wrought-iron fixtures, are products of a grand era when workmanship was synonymous with fine art. The machines themselves have become tremendous sources of pride. It seemed only natural, once

restoration work was nearly done, to see if the tubs could still do what they were designed to do. The pumping, too, was a matter of pride.

"Putting the Oxford Bear together was a real challenge to us because it was all new," says Norway's Muster Foreman David MacDonald, who claims to have been "absorbed" by the restoration task. "We were more concerned with having the tub look good than we were with any type of competition. I worried about what could happen to the thing if we ever tried to pump it and it couldn't handle it.

"But, I have to admit that the first time I saw the thing really pumping water I went a little berserk. I forgot everything. All I could do was scream 'brake it, brake it,' and pump like crazy."

McDonald is well aware that his team will be the underdog among the two dozen or so machines from throughout New England expected to attend the August 5th muster since the men will have mustered only once before, at a special session scheduled with the South Paris squad at the Bean Hole Bean Festival at the Fairgrounds on July 29. But, he is characteristically upbeat about the Norway crew's chances.

"On any given day, under the right conditions, we have just as good a chance as anyone else," grins MacDonald. \*



*MacDonald with Norway's Oxford Bear*



# Fear and Fighting on the Oxford Central Railway

by Lowell D. Henley

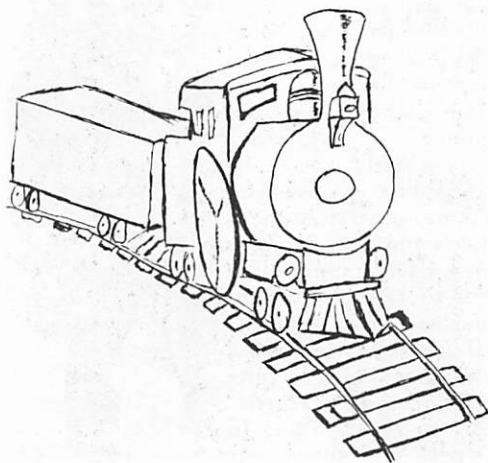
**A historical manuscript of the planning, partial construction and final abandonment of central Oxford County's only railroad.**

*After more than seventy years, most traces of Waterford's railroad-that-almost-was have disappeared. Nature, the pipeline and highway changes have obliterated all but a few signs of the old railroad grating.*

*Gone, too, are most of the mysterious people who figured prominently in the brave construction attempt — names such as Burnham, McIntire, Hambling, Hapgood, the Wilson brothers and State Detective Bassett. The people became but part of the legend surrounding the railway — a story of feverish activity, followed by work stoppage, fear, fighting and near murder; which culminated, finally, in a peace brought about by abandonment of the project... and the collapse of many dreams.*

In the late summer of 1896, Eugene W. Eastman of Auburn, an employee-salesman for the Rockland Lime firm of Francis Cobb & Co., was the chief originator of the Oxford Central Railway Company. He saw the large business being conducted in the towns of Waterford, Albany, Stoneham and Lovell, and the amount of produce, goods and passengers requiring transportation. Feeling there was a real need for a railroad through the area, he made closer inquiries and, convinced of the value of the scheme, quit his job and started organizing.

Eastman managed to interest enough people in the towns involved to get committees appointed to obtain facts on transportation of freight, express, mail and passengers. This information was encouraging enough so some capitalists subscribed sufficient money to employ an engineer familiar with railway work; he correlated the facts into railroad terms and figures.



The next step was the laying of these facts and figures before the leaders of the towns involved, which included the town of Norway, since the proposed railroad would link up there with the Grand Trunk Railway. The town leaders were urged to call a series of special Town Meetings to gain support of the people and vote stock subscriptions and money.

In early November, Eastman, accompanied by A. F. Gerald of Fairfield (a man prominent in Electric Railroad circles) went over the general area of the proposed route and, based on this preliminary examination, arrived at the following conclusions: An electric railroad, starting at Norway's Grand Trunk Station, thence to Rice's Junction in East Waterford; with one branch heading to North Waterford and perhaps later to Stoneham and Lovell, and

another branch heading to South Waterford, Harrison and Perhaps to Bridgton, was entirely feasible. The men agreed the project would be a decided asset to all the surrounding communities and estimated construction would cost about \$5,000 per mile. They believed that a railroad charter should include a telegraph and/or telephone line along the right of way, and perhaps a lighting franchise.

A survey of business and civic leaders in Norway showed many prominent men to be in favor of the idea, including Senator-elect John A. Roberts and Judge H. C. Davis.

Two men who strongly opposed the project were F. F. Holmes and General G. L. Beal. Holmes argued, "The roads are too narrow now and I object to having a railroad put into them. From South Harrison to Waterford, around the pond, they are especially narrow. I don't like to see the rich man building a railroad and destroying the poor man's business with a horse."

General Beal said, "I think the railroad would result in carrying business right through Norway that now stops here and has a transfer in this place. There isn't business enough to offer any inducement to practical men."

In early December, *The Bridgton News* tried to quench the growing enthusiasm over a railroad with items such as the following: "But why should anyone desire to take the freight 'over the hills' to Norway? Why not keep the middle of the road and come to Bridgton, through Harrison and thus be on the direct road to the market?"

The *Oxford County Advertiser* countered with statements, including the following: "Norway and South Paris is Bridgton's commercial superior, hence a better place to visit for mercantile purposes; distance is shorter than that to Bridgton, Norway-Paris R.R. accommodations are from a full grown, standard gauge, through trunk line. By the connection with a standard gauge railroad, they will avoid the attendant delays, expenses, liabilities of damage to goods, and other vexations as the reloading which would be necessary once and possibly twice. Also, Norway is nearer to Portland by rail than Bridgton. Reaching Portland by Grand Trunk, one is already in the city, instead of having to travel two miles farther as when entering by the Maine Central."

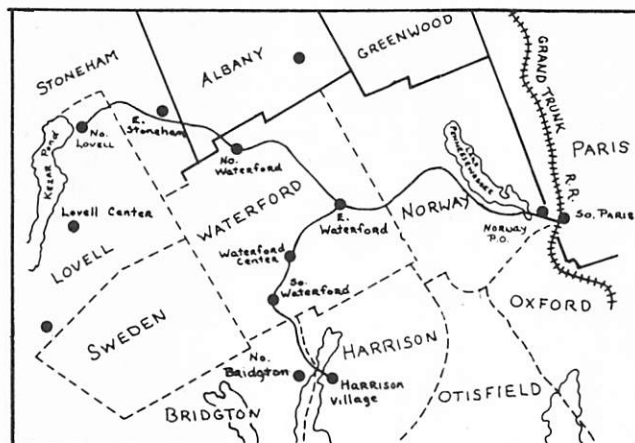
In the same month, a group of men, including a construction engineer, went

carefully over the proposed railroad route. The engineer was John B. Clifford of the B & C Construction Co., Lewiston, and the others were James Brown of North Waterford, L. H. Burnham of Lynchville, and Jonathan Bartlett of East Stoneham. The following day at a general railroad informational meeting at North Waterford, "nearly every businessman and many farmers of that section" were present. Melville Monroe of South Waterford presided and Engineer Clifford was invited to address the meeting. Clifford reported that "Nature had laid the road bed and that the material for the construction, except for iron, was close at hand. He was surprised at the amount of teaming, having counted 30 heavy loads going to Norway the previous day, and this being a poor time for teaming till snow came."

A committee appointed to set up a plan to advance interest in the project included the following "substantial men": Jonathan Bartlett and Levi McAllister for Stoneham; James Brown for North Waterford; A. S. Hapgood for Waterford Flat; Wm. W. Watson for South Waterford; L. H. Burnham, J. T. Lord and J. Fiernell for Albany; George Harriman for North Lovell; Joseph Fox for Lovell; George S. Marr for Sweden.

On December 11, 1896, the local committee met in the Lewis Hall, North Waterford, for a "protracted session" and the officers chosen were: President, L. H. Burnham; Secretary, P. W. Saunders; Treasurer, James Brown. Mr. E. W. Eastman had interested a group of "Capitalists" and was acting as their secretary. Mr. Hiram P. Elliott was invited to sit in at the meeting. The committee voted to finance an engineer's survey of the proposed railroad route and, by subscription, raised sufficient money to pay the cost.

That same week, Eastman and a civil engineer from Lewiston, by the name of Young, supervised the start of the survey at Rice's Junction, along with a crew of five men. Eastman himself drove the first stake. The route to East Stoneham was a scene of much activity, the survey being pushed with all possible speed. After reaching Stoneham, the crew returned to the Junction and surveyed to Harrison. The last survey was to be from the Junction to Norway Depot. The survey was soon completed except for the Norway section.



## OXFORD CENTRAL RAILWAY

*A Map of the  
Proposed Railway*

To East Stoneham, the survey route led from the Junction, along the highway to the old Wheeler place, then across-country west of Papoose Pond to Crooked River near G. W. Stone's, across the river and close to the highway to C. G. Knight's mill yard at North Waterford; then across fields east of the river to the road near J. D. Horr's, following the highway to Lynchville, over upper Lynchville Bridge and into East Stoneham, with a terminus near J. Bartlett & Sons Store. The distance of this section was 8 miles and 10 rods.

The Harrison survey route went along, or close to, the highway from the Junction through Waterford Flat to South Waterford, then around the west shore of Bear Pond to the head of Long Lake in Harrison. The distance of this section measured 9 miles, 95 rods and 12½ feet.

The remainder of the survey, from the Junction to Norway, was not completed until the first week in January, 1897. The route proceeded around the hills from the Junction to the north shore of Little Penneesseewassee Pond, crossing the outlet stream and going between the Brown and Boober houses, then directly to Norway Lake Village, joining the highway below the school house, along the highway to the pumping station, then below the highway to the cornshop, crossing Penneesseewassee Stream and entering the woods in back of Cates Field, to Pleasant Street; then across and through Cullinan's woodsheds and down Pearl Street to the depot. The distance from Junction to depot was 8 miles, 98 rods and 12 feet. The whole line would measure roughly 26 miles. If extended to Bridgton, about 5 miles would be added.

Stations were to be located in Norway near the big curve where the road turns from following the shore of Lake Penneesseewassee towards Waterford, and another at Norway Lake village, about halfway between there and Norway Depot. There was also to be one at "Bisbeetown" between Rice's Junction or East Waterford and North Waterford, and another at Lynchville in Albany.

The route was an easy one all the way, following the valley and having no severe grades. In Norway, the remark has been frequently made that the land surveyed for the railroad ought to have been used for the highway. The total planned length was 26 miles. If extended to North Lovell, 4 miles would have been added.

Engineers from Boston rechecked the survey and confirmed that the railroad could be built over the proposed route at a very small expense.

On January 15, 1897, the *Oxford County Advertiser* printed a sort of summary of public reaction in the Norway area toward the railroad idea. A condensation follows:

"A lot of Norway area controversy over putting money into the railroad stock... Waterford railroad stock open for advance option purchase by subscription... Will Norway and its people take hold and lift, and get the benefits? Or will they permit our neighbors west of us to get their railroad connection at Bridgton?... Individuals will get a chance to buy stock. There will also be meetings in several of the towns directly interested to see what can be done. Mr. John D. Clifford of Lewiston will hold a meeting Saturday in Freeland Howe's office at 10:30, to talk with local business men concerning the railroad."

The following week the *Advertiser* carried a factual report of freight shipped and received in one year in the area which would be serviced by the railroad. The report was based on house-to-house canvasses and visual checking of freight bills. The canvass was made by members of the railroad committee, and the only farm freight listed was apples. Following is a list of the towns with figures of a year's freight listed in tons: ALBANY 1,989; WATERFORD 6,302; STONEHAM & LOVELL 2,810; SWEDEN 1,226; HARRISON 7,730; NORWAY LAKE 500; NORTH NORWAY 100 — making a total of 20,777 tons freight for one year.

At a varying scale of prices, averaging less than \$1.00 per ton, the traffic was estimated to produce an income of \$20,487. The following additional figures sent in by Justin E. McIntire & Sons, East Waterford, and some others, showed 10,700 bbls. apples, \$1,070; 60 carloads of livestock, \$600; 3,000 cords of pulpwood, \$2,250; and 6,000 cords of cordwood, \$3,000, making a sub-total of \$6,920. And finally the following: passenger traffic \$11,800; express \$2,500; mail \$1,103; sub-total \$15,403; making a grand total of estimated annual income of \$42,810.

Clifford felt that the railroad should gross annual earnings in excess of \$75,000 but even using the smaller \$42,810 figure and deducting the estimated operating cost of \$16,792, a net annual earning of \$26,018 would be realized. It was also to be expected that any increase in operating costs would be more than offset by an almost sure increase in business.

It was estimated that over \$75,000 worth of business would go over the line annually, and that the total cost of the railroad, exclusive of rails, would be \$186,000. The Grand Trunk Railway had already offered inducements in the way of special traffic rates and leased rails. Cars would be combination passenger, mail and express. Other rolling stock would be trailers for freight. Observation cars to carry a hundred or more people would be available for excursions. These could be planned for summer trips from Norway to Lake Keoka and to Papoose Pond, with good profit to be derived by charging twenty-five cents round-trip.

The estimated cost of running the railroad was listed at \$17,500 annually, leaving a good sum to pay off debt and interest, rental on rails, maintenance, dividends and other

expenses. Towns and individuals outside Norway pledged almost \$55,000 toward the endeavor. Norway was asked to promise \$10,000 plus right of way in the town. Outside capital was interested. The Hon. Wm. T. Cobb of Rockland favored the railroad and was closely associated with other men with money to invest. Both the Boston and Maine Railroad and the Maine Central Railroad looked with favor at possible connections with the new railway line and offered assistance with inducements.

A news item appearing in the *Advertiser* in January, 1897, noted that "the trolley fever is catching. It began at Waterford and at this date fills all Cumberland County and the southern half of Oxford."

(Despite the growing enthusiasm over the railway, it was to be late summer before any actual construction began, with the arrival of 125 Italian workers at a camp set up at Norway Center. By fall, the beginning of the end had already come when the workers, angered over the company's failure to issue pay checks, erupted in a riot. During the four-day siege, the lives of several hostages hung in the balance and one of the workers was almost lynched by the mob as a suspected traitor.

*Continued next month).*

*Henley, now deceased, spent 27 years with the military, retiring as a Lt. Col. He was Norway's State Representative for several years and also served as State Senator. He compiled his history of the Oxford Central Electric Railroad in 1968*

## MARRIAGE

This marriage seems too large  
now even to carry between us;  
Too oddly shaped — cumbersome  
like a great gray sack of clothes.

I remember  
we set it down in this place  
because our fingers cramped so.  
I built a fire.

Bones from old meals  
gather into a noisy pile.  
Dusty paths cross the perimeter  
We are more than we could ever move  
And less than we once were  
for what we can not carry  
when we go.

*John Garnham  
Hartford*



# BitterSweet

## Notes:

### A NEW TWIST

Bridgton's summer calendar will take on a new twist this year with a Road Rally to be sponsored by the Hospital Guild.

Rally organizer Nicky Kiger reports the Rally will begin with a bang on August 20th, at 12 noon at the Bridgton Junior High School and will end behind the Highlander Motel, Restaurant and Pub on Rt. 302 in Bridgton. A chicken barbeque and the awarding of trophies and prizes will follow the event.

"Road Rallies are a new idea in the area and need some explanation," says Kiger, pointing out that Bridgton's affair will be a "fun Sunday afternoon rally," combining scenic driving with scavenging for hidden clues needed to manipulate the automobiles on their proper course.

"It will not be a race for speed, or a performance test," she emphasizes. The rally will include dirt roads, as well as paved roads, with average automobile speed in the 30-35 m.p.h. range.

A donation of \$3.00 per car will be charged, regardless of the number of back-seat drivers. The minimum number of contestants per automobile is two: a driver with a license and a navigator with patience.

Finishing time is estimated at 3:00 p.m.

The chicken barbeque following the rally will be open to the public and will include a reasonably-priced dinner and drinks, with desserts donated by Guild Members.

Trophies will be awarded after rally time sheets have been checked. Additional prizes will be given to the rally's oldest and

youngest drivers, and to the car with the most occupants.

### STRIKING A BALANCE

We're bringing the food back home where it belongs," says Brooks Morton, explaining the impetus behind the Bethel Community Food and Nutrition Center, which opened last month in a former A & P meat cutting room at the rear of the *Wherehouse* in downtown Bethel.

Morton, who is passionately committed to the concept of cooperative living as the wave of the future, is, nevertheless, pragmatic about his venture's appeal.

"It is, very simply, a matter of economics," says the soft-spoken Newry native, who acts as manager of the center. "The food we offer here is not only fresher and of better quality (than that found available at commercial supermarkets), it also sells for less to the consumer."

According to Morton, the Food and Nutrition Center was a logical extension of the thriving *Out To Lunch Food Cooperative* which has provided more than 80 area families with much of their food for the past two years. It represents an easier, more efficient way to provide high-quality, low-cost food in bulk to its members, he says. A chief economic drawback of cooperatives — the necessary month's delay between the purchase and receipt of food — is circumvented with operation of a storefront, since food is paid for and picked up simultaneously. The complicated series of breakdowns needed to move coop food from Chelsea

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Market in Massachusetts to individuals who have purchased it here in Maine is avoided as well with a storefront. Food for the store moves directly from market to shelves.

But, Morton says, the most important bonus of a storefront over a buying cooperative lies in the outlet's ability to act as supporter and promoter of local agriculture, something which not only boosts the local economy, but further cuts the price of products by reducing transportation costs.

"Our goal here is to buy as much as we can locally and give growers as good a price as possible, and still stay competitive," says Morton, who sees local agricultural impact as one of his chief concerns in managing the center.

To that end, a farmer's market, begun at the end of June, will run Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays throughout the summer in the parking lot outside the center. A booth staffed by the center workers will supplement local items with those, such as watermelon and peaches, which can't be grown successfully locally.

Central to the *Out To Lunch Coop's* success, so far, has been the broad cross-section of the local population which has joined its ranks, including doctors, teachers, town employees and many other professionals. This same diverse group has rallied around the Food and Nutrition Center.

"It seems that everyone is more aware these days about the importance of food freshness and purity," observes Morton, who likens the current interest in cooperatives to the movement undertaken by the Grange to open cooperative stores in the early part of this century.

"It's not just the 'health food nuts' any more who are concerned about the dangers of food."

Joining the center costs \$25 and involves donating about four hours a month to help out at the store. In return, members pay a price for products which is only 10 per cent higher than wholesale cost. Non-members are also eligible to shop at the center. They pay a 30 per cent mark-up.

What the arrangement means, in dollars and cents, is that a gallon of molasses, for instance, which sells for \$7.98 at a supermarket, will cost members \$5.98 at the center and non-members \$6.38. Honey, which sells at a supermarket for \$1.20 a pound, will cost members 76 cents and non-members 90 cents.

At the moment, the Center is open Thursdays and Fridays, 12 noon until 6 p.m., and Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. By the end of the summer, however, Morton says the place will be operating six days a week, eventually adding locally grown meat and dairy products to the grains, honey, cheeses and produce which now stock its shelves.

Morton has plans to sponsor courses in cooperation with Telstar Regional High School's Adult Education Department in such areas as organic gardening, nutrition and cooking next fall. And, he dreams of someday opening both a community canning center and a cooperative outlet for native crafts.

"Bethel has historically been the center of trade for this region," says Morton, splicing off dozens of small mills and cottage industries which once thrived in the area at the turn of the century.

"I'd like to see some of those things revived. We hope to help open another local dairy and a small bakery," he says, adding that increased oil and gasoline costs are bound to eventually limit the amount of food the state imports.

"We know we can't turn back the clock to yesteryear. But, it's time to try to strike a balance between today's technology and yesterday's wisdom."



Brooks Morton with Shanti before the Bethel Food Center's new sign



# Goings On

## SUMMER SALES

**FOURTH ANNUAL COUNTRY MALL:** sponsored by the Norway Congregational Church, July 12, 10 a.m.; handmade toys, plants, baked goods, special Christmas items.

**METHODIST CHURCH BAZAAR:** July 6, Main Street, Bridgton

**CALVARY COMMUNITY CHURCH BAZAAR:** July 8, Harrison.

**FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BAZAAR:** July 12, Bridgton.

**NORTH BRIDGTON CHURCH BAZAAR:** July 13, Chadbourne Hill, North Bridgton.

**RUMMAGE SALE:** Sat., July 15, Oxford Fire Station, sponsored by Oxford Firemen's Auxiliary.

**HOSPITAL GUILD "SUMMER FAIR":** Bridgton Town Hall, July 21, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.; plants, vegetables, balloons, gifts, macrame, cheese tables, antique popcorn machine.

**CRAFT FAIR:** sponsored by the Bridgton Arts and Crafts Society, Sat., July 22, Bridgton Junior High School.

**SUMMER SALE AND FLEA MARKET:** United Universalist Church, South Paris, Sat., July 22, 10 a.m. - 3 p.m.; collectibles, fancy work, food, quilts, garden shop and children's table. Refreshments. Everyone welcome.

**OTISFIELD LADIES AUXILIARY SUMMER SALE,** Sat. August 12, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m., Otisfield Community Hall; Arts & crafts, home-baked foods, plants, rummage, white elephant items. Lunch served.

**"THE FLOWER GARDEN":** St. Joseph's Church, Bridgton, August 12, 2 - 9 p.m.; flowers, white elephant, gift, food and produce tables; snack bar.

## ART

**MAINE GUILD OF SPINNERS & WEAVERS:** Treat Gallery, Bates College, Lewiston, July 13 -

cont. page 46



*Agnes Howe at work on a holiday wreath.*

It will be a bit like Christmas in July when the doors open on the Norway Congregational Church's Fourth Annual COUNTRY Mall on Weds., July 12 at 10 a.m. Actually, weather permitting, the mall will be an open-air affair, set up outside in the church parking lot at the corner of Paris and Main streets in Norway.

The sale, which has become one of the popular summer attractions in the area, gets bigger each year and is famous for the fine Christmas holiday ornaments and gifts which it markets, in addition to an endless assortment of baked goods, plants and various handcrafts.

Preparation for the fair is practically a year-long process, with all members of the church playing their part to raise funds for church coffers.

"We've got some awfully clever people about," says Edna Thurston, whose attic, by mid-June, resembles Santa's workshop with its impressive line-up of knitted goods, toys and holiday potpourri. "It's amazing what they can produce."



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# Heading Out



## Bethel's Moses Mason House Museum

*by Stanley Howe*

Bethel's only museum, the Dr. Moses Mason House, is located on historic Broad Street, overlooking the town's attractive common. Opened in July, 1974, it attempts to accurately portray life in inland Maine during the first half of the nineteenth century, an era which was minus many of the amenities now taken for granted — electricity, central heating, running water, and the telephone.

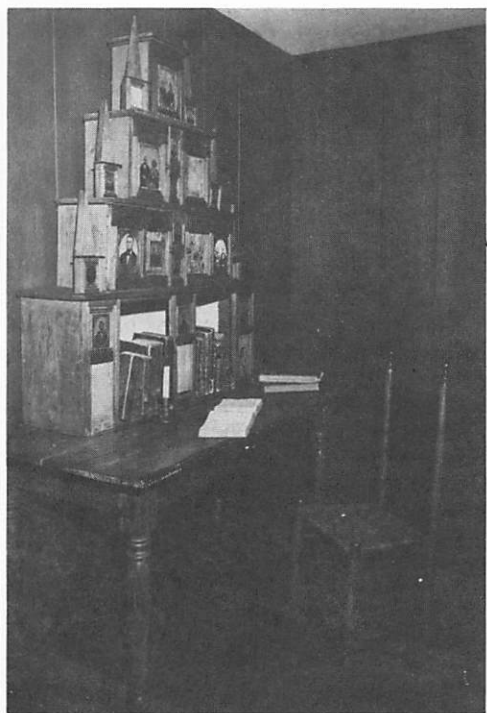
In its eight rooms are furnishings reflecting the times of one of the leading citizens of Bethel, including two items built by Mason himself — an unusual pictorial bookcase and a moose-antler chair. The furnishings are gifts from people of the community or persons interested in the museum to the Bethel Historical Society, which was founded in 1966, and which owns and operates the facility.

The house he built in 1813 on Broad Street, facing the White Mountains of New Hampshire is now the oldest surviving structure in Bethel village. It has been restored to its original condition through a painstaking process of research and expert craftsmanship which took over two years to complete. A gift to its present owner, the

Bethel Historical Society, from the William Bingham II Trust for Charity, the building is on the National Register of Historic Places and lies within the Broad Street National Historic District.

Visitors to the museum are taken back in time for a glimpse of how a prominent man and his wife (the former Agnes Straw of Newfield) lived. Many of the "necessities of life" had to be produced domestically since there were few stores in existence and little money to spend. Conditions were certainly more rigorous than today, but the Masons, at least, possessed the means to live in more comfort than many of their neighbors for they could afford to buy goods from Portland, Boston and New York.

As visitors enter the building's buttery, they are impressed with an assortment of implements and dishes (many of which were hand made) relating to the processing of milk and the making of cheese. In the next room, the combination summer kitchen/work room, is found an assortment of devices used in the manufacture of clothes and shoes — a spinning wheel, dye pot, swifts for drying yarn, yarn winders, and a cobbler's bench.



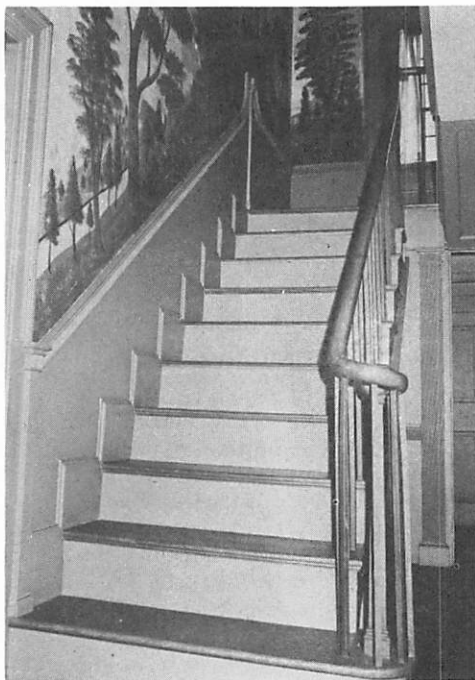
*Pictorial Bookcase*

Moving on to the keeping room, the visitor is intrigued by Dr. Mason's pictorial bookcase containing daguerreotypes and tintypes of family and friends. The adjoining winter kitchen with its large fireplace and oven, offers an authentic feeling of warmth which would be provided on a cold winter's evening, along with an invitation to sit down and sample some of Mrs. Mason's sponge cake.



*Winter Kitchen*





*Murals*

The front hall possesses one of the most distinguishing features of the house, a set of primitive murals painted in the 1830's by Rufus Porter or one of his followers, perhaps a nephew, Jonathan Poor. Across the hall, the visitor enters the parlor, which features the formal portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Mason painted in the 1830's by the famous American portrait artist, Chester Harding (1792-1866).



*Parlor*

Upstairs lie the master bedroom and the niece's room, both appropriately furnished. Since the Masons had no children, the home was passed to a favorite niece after Mrs. Mason's death in 1869, in whose family it remained until 1971.

In addition to the period rooms, the

museum also has a fine auditorium where meetings are held and exhibits relating to Bethel are housed. On the second floor is the Bethel Historical Society's office and archives, where research in local and family history can be undertaken. Various groups, school classes and others interested in the past make regular use of these resources.

Dr. Moses Mason (1789-1866) was as typical of the men of his time as he was versatile in his abilities. Not only was he a medical doctor (having apprenticed under his brother-in-law before the days of medical schools), but he also became Bethel's first postmaster in 1815. The desk at which he handled the town's mail and the saddlebags used to carry the first letters to town may be seen as the visitor enters the museum.

Later, Dr. Mason became a Justice of the Peace, Selectman, County Commissioner and United States Congressman from Maine (1833-1837) during the administration of Andrew Jackson. Following his years in Washington, he returned to Bethel and spent the remainder of his life in the community except for a brief absence when a member of the Governor's Council (1843-45) and a Trustee of the State's new Insane Hospital (1844).

Mason also experienced success as a businessman, possessing large tracts of land as well as saw and grist mills to the west of Bethel in the township which was named for him in 1843. He took an active interest in the

affairs of his town and was noted for his kindly and generous nature.

The museum is open on a regular basis every afternoon except Monday during July and August and by appointment at all other times.

*Howe, a Bethel Selectman, is Curator of the Moses Mason House.*



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# Squeedunk's See-Session

by Jerry Genesio

**"Mr. Chairman,' Linwood said, addressing Emery's back, there ain't nawthin' we can do but pay what taxes the state says we gotta pay."**

*Genesio, a Sweden Selectman, says "Squeedunk's See-Session" was inspired by the town of Otisfield's recent secession from Cumberland County and incorporation into Oxford County, because of a dispute over funding of the Cumberland County Civic Center. His town's somewhat tongue-in-cheek threat last winter to follow Otisfield's lead and forsake Maine for New Hampshire because of dissatisfaction with the school funding law has played a part in his tale.*

Standing around a pot-bellied woodstove that was slowly turning a brilliant shade of magenta, the three-member Squeedunk Board of Selectmen looked beyond each other out separate windows of the small, brick, former one-room schoolhouse. Music of the beautiful sort was supplied by a battery-operated radio balanced precariously on a windowsill not quite wide enough to accommodate it.

Emery, the largest of the trio, suddenly sniffed impulsively, lifted the right front tail of the heavy, woolen Pendleton shirt that was draped over the huge bulge of his stomach, and slapped frantically at the spot where it had begun to smolder. "Dang!" he said. "Twenty-five bucks... on sale..."

He continued slapping at the shirt as a piece about the size of a silver dollar disintegrated into small, black particles and

fell to the floor. He turned his back to the stove, instinctively bolting half a step forward as he sensed the huge bulge of his rear settling daringly close to the incandescent metal.

Linwood, the eldest of the men and self-appointed second in command, also turned his back to the stove, as if he objected to sharing his window view with Emery. But, remembering that the sun would be setting shortly, he slowly turned to face the stove again, only to find Emery's massive frame almost totally blocking his sight of the west window.

Brandon never moved a muscle during all the shuffling. He stood facing the stove and the window to the north. His eyes were squinting through horn-rimmed glasses, as though he was searching, right through the stovepipe, for some small, unknown object



on the far-off mountains. He was leaning forward at about a seventy-five degree angle, trying to compensate for the distance he was forced to stand away from the heat source because of a wide metal shelf that extended from the stove just below its door. His upper lip was lifted, exposing bright, white teeth.

"Mr. Chairman," Linwood said, addressing Emery's back, "there ain't nawthin' we can do but pay what taxes the state says we gotta pay." Linwood was perfectly comfortable using the title, even though he'd known Emery by his first name for fifty years before his election to Chairman of the Squeedunk Board of Selectmen.

Emery turned to face Linwood and the stove again, wearing a stern look of defiance on his weathered face. His jaws were tightly compressed and the two bumps that always

lifted up just below his sideburns when he was mad appeared to be larger than ever, and throbbing. He removed his index finger from a black-ringed hole in the front tail of his shirt and shook it in Linwood's direction.

"They've pushed us juest a little too dang far this time, Linwood," he said. "I ain't nevva known a time in my hul dang life when there wewn't nawthin' I could do 'bout somethin'. We'll see-seed... that's what we'll do. Why... they're doin' it in Africa every dang day. They got hul countries over there now that ain't half the size of dang towns smaller'n this'n."

Linwood cocked his head back a little but didn't say a word. He knew Emery when he got riled up. Disagreeing would just make him madder. Agreeing could push him into



# Medicine For The Hills

by Michael Lacombe, M.D.

When you stop to think about it, you can amaze yourself with the incredible array of historical information which remains stuffed in your brain — the leftover tidbits from grammar and high school. We have the details and dates of the Norman Conquest drummed into us. We learn where Benedict Arnold marched, Washington slept, and Ben Franklin flew his kite. Although much of this history was learned for its own sake, some was learned so that history might not repeat itself.

We could also stand some more practical history instruction. Consider the following quotation from the sixteenth century:

*"Obstruction, calculus, fullness and emptiness attack the gallbladder. The obstruction is either of the duct by which the bile is led away from the liver, or of that by which it is discharged from the gallbladder into the intestine. In both, the bowels are obstinate and sluggish, feces whitish, the urine is reddish and thick so that it frequently becomes dark, the bile diffused with the blood throughout the whole body disfigures the skin with jaundice."*

How many of us learned in school that obstruction of the bile renders the bowel movement whitish? That kind of history would be useful to us all, since self-inspection of the bowel movement (which we will from here on refer to as stools) is every bit as important as breast self-examination, the yearly pap smear, and the annual check-up.

Certain other conditions other than bile duct obstruction change the color and character of our stools. The chief and most important change in the color and character of stool occurs when there is bleeding from somewhere within the gastro-intestinal

tract. The mouth, esophagus, stomach, small and large intestines, rectum and anus make up the gastrointestinal tract, and bleeding from within in can arise from a myriad number of causes. Varicose veins of the esophagus, ulcers in the stomach and first part of the intestine, inflamed parts of the bowel, hemorrhoids, benign tumors, and cancers in any part of the system are but a few of the causes of gastrointestinal bleeding. Sorting out these causes is the job of the doctor. Calling attention to the symptoms is the job of the patient.

When the bleeding is extensive enough, it will cause changes in the stool which are easily recognizable. Blood which has been digested in the gastrointestinal tract appears in the stool as black and tarry. The dark color is as pitch-black as a telephone — not a dark brown, which can be caused by eating large amounts of meat or chocolate. Medicines and vitamins containing iron or bismuth will also result in a black stool, the color in this instance being brought about by a chemical change rather than by bleeding. Foods which contain blood, such as liver, spleen or *blutwurst* (blood sausage) will also result in black stools.

If the bowels are moving very quickly or if the bleeding occurs in the lowermost part of the gastrointestinal tract, the blood will not have a chance to be digested and therefore will appear in the stool as various shades of red. This color is usually enough to alarm the patient to call his doctor, if only he happens to notice his stool. Red stools can also be caused by large amounts of dietary beets, carrots, and tomatoes.

Streaks of blood on the outside of normal-appearing bowel movements are usually caused by bowel cancers, by bleeding fissures, and ulcers in the rectum; or by hemorrhoids. Often, bleeding hemorrhoids will announce themselves with bright red blood, either dripping into the toilet or turning up on the toilet tissue, while the stools themselves appear quite normal. Such bleeding, however, should never be assumed to be coming from hemorrhoids until more serious causes have been ruled out.



One needs a fair measure of blood in the gastrointestinal tract to cause the stools to appear either black or red. Smaller amounts of blood, however, can be detected by a

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simple chemical test of normal-appearing stool. Such a test, coupled with a rectal exam, should be a routine part of every complete physical examination.

To those of you who resolve to inspect your stool periodically (which I commend), let me offer a brief survey of other color changes.

As already mentioned, certain liver diseases, such as infectious hepatitis, and obstruction of the bile duct, will change the color of the stool to an off-white clay color. Stark white stools are usually the result of barium used for x-ray or of large amounts of antacids used to quiet an acid stomach. Whitish soapy stools occur when there is impairment to pancreatic digestion, such as occurs with obstruction of the duct of the pancreas resulting from cancer or stone.

It is worth mentioning again that large amounts of meat or chocolate in the diet will change the stool to a very dark brown color. The stools will not, however, be as black as a telephone.

Rhubarb may change the stools to a yellow color, and antibiotics taken orally will frequently change the stool to a green color, which is often alarming in appearance, but not really a problem.

We should mention certain color changes in the urine as well. In the absence of beets, blackberries or laxatives in the diet, red urine should always be brought to the attention of the doctor. Red urine can be caused by certain muscle and blood diseases, as well as from actual bleeding within the kidneys, bladder, or urinary tract. Such bleeding, whether caused by tumors, stone or inflammation, should always be investigated. The only other significant color change in the urine is the dark brown-yellow urine occurring with bile duct obstruction or hepatitis as already mentioned.

Another passage from the history books:

*"Little fellow, twenty-nine years, carpenter, sanguine temperament, muscular, since childhood given to the use of liquor. April 15, 1830, burning and pain in the stomach; loss of appetite. Had noticed black stools; able to continue his work until the evening of the 30th when general malaise forced him to go to bed. Vomiting of blood in a quantity of perhaps five or six pints. He showed a small pulse, compressible, and anemia almost complete which prohibited the idea of bleeding; we gave him then sinapisms to the feet.*

*"The first of May, the patient vomited only once a small amount of blood; his pulse revived with his*

*strength (twenty leeches to the epigastrium, sinapisms to the calves, rice mixed with syrup of quince; in the evening a large amount of blood vomited).*

*"The second of May, same condition, no stool. (Twenty leeches to the anus, sinapisms; same drink).*

*"At five o'clock in the evening more vomiting, extreme prostration, death at ten o'clock."*

Although the signs and symptoms of gastrointestinal bleeding have not changed in a hundred and fifty years, the medical treatment, fortunately, has. Stool inspection can be done quite surreptitiously. No one need know about it. It is not a required topic of conversation. If you can do your part in making the diagnosis, we can promise to offer you more than quince and leeches for treatment.

## YOU DON'T SAY

Anybody can stick a tomato plant into the ground, and it might grow. Carrots, cabbage and corn do nearly as well for the novice as for the veteran. But, developing the proper techniques for leaning on a hoe takes years of practice. Without it (effort, sweat and results notwithstanding), the worker is just a hobbyist, not a bona fide gardener.

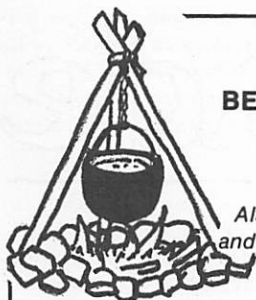
No hoe-leaning can get into top form until July, the mid-season of the growing year. By then, the excitement of planting has worn off, and the anticipation of harvest is still a few weeks off.

That's when the true hoe-leaner takes his rightful place... a skilled hoe-leaner doesn't sit under a shade tree. He doesn't go for a drink or stand there wiping his brow and looking miserable. No, he merely hooks the handle under his right armpit, with the left hand on the end for a cushion, crosses his feet at the ankles, and leans... to the accomplished hoe-leaner, the stance is second nature.

Despite weariness and perspiration, the hoe-leaner must be content — and look it. Even nonchalant. And he must stand so that his view is of the area already hoed, not of the weeds ahead. That is what supplies most of the contentment and satisfaction on his face.

Beginners may learn how to stand, and they may be able to fake the nonchalance, but until they automatically turn around for their rest breaks, they'll never challenge my world championship.

*submitted by Paul Dubay, Norway  
from a feature by Ken Weber appearing in  
The Providence Journal*



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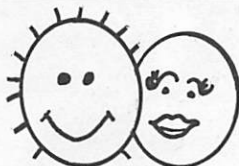
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# Homemade

## The Bean Hole Bean Festival's Famous Fare

*Doc Hall serving up*

Nothing is more "New England" than baked beans. And nowhere is the meal more authentically served up than at the Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce Bean Hole Bean Festival.

For the past 24 years, thousands of people from across the country have flocked to the Oxford County Fairgrounds, now on Route 26 in Oxford, on the last Saturday of July to sample the old-fashioned, underground-baked beans which highlight the festival.

Under the watchful eye of chef Charlie (Doc) Hall, about 1000 pounds of the Maine-grown dry beans are simmered a day in cast iron pots, buried beneath the ground in firebrick-lined pits. The beans are unearthed on the day of the feed and served up in a festival atmosphere reminiscent of the old river drive days when camp cooks relied on red kidney and pea beans to feed large lumbering crews on their way to Maine mills. As a tribute to this year's 25th anniversary celebration on July 29th, the day will feature — in addition to the beans, brown bread, hot dogs, sauerkraut, beverages and ice cream — entertainment, beginning at 1:30 p.m., by the Country Cousins singing duo; the Swinging Bears Square Dancers and Max Pulsifer on his callopie; a fireman's muster; a horse show; and the traditional Kiwanis Auction.

Although not many cooks will ever find themselves in Doc Hall's unenviable position of having to prepare dinner for thousands, it is still possible for people to sample festival beans on a smaller scale from their own back yard. The following kitchen-sized recipe is suggested by the Chamber of Commerce, which insists that baking the beans be done underground, not in the oven, in order to capture the authentic flavor:



### *Bean Hole Beans*

- Two pounds of dry beans
- 1/3 cup molasses
- 1 Tablespoon of salt
- 1 Tablespoon of dry mustard
- 1 Tablespoon of white pepper (black pepper looks dirty in the beans)
- slab of salt pork (with salt washed off)

Mix molasses (make sure it's a good grade), salt, mustard and pepper. Add to two pounds of last year's crop of dry beans (anything older may wind up tough) in a kettle filled with water.

Parboil beans until tender, about half an hour at a rolling boil. Add a good slab of salt



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pork to the top of the beans, being careful to wash off all the salt first. Fill the kettle to the top with water.

Cover beans with aluminum foil and a metal lid and place gently into a firebrick-lined pit, heated to white-hot. Cover the pot with a layer of clean sand and let beans simmer at least ten hours before serving. Feeds eight.



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as a million  
frozen voices  
shatters the window...  
jagged glass  
as words  
wound  
and snow blows in  
outside  
is the night  
back  
your bed is a tomb  
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someone touches you  
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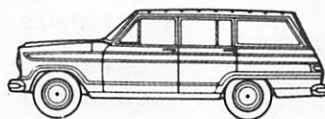


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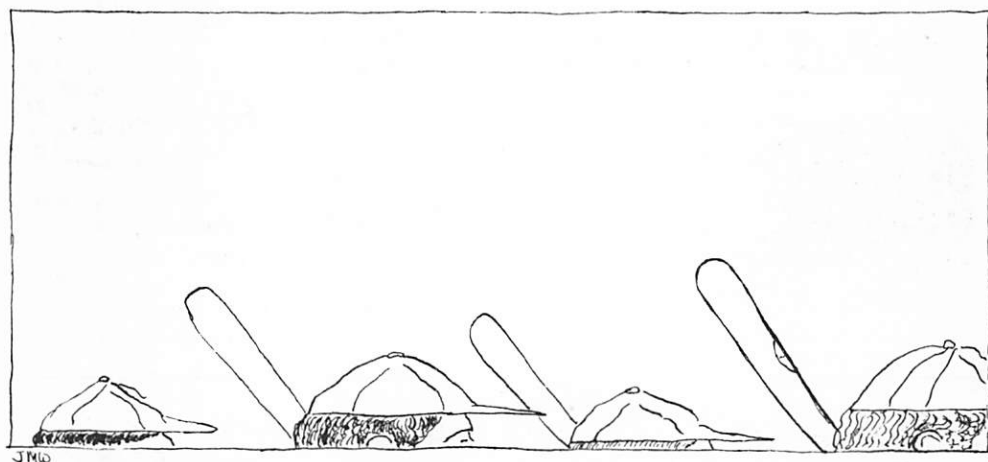
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# Readers' Room

## Confessions of a Farm Team Mother

by Jane Perham Stevens



Very early in my first season as the mother of a Farm Team player, I realized it wasn't going to be an easy task. From the time the players first take their place on the field until the cheering of the season's last game fades away, we mothers W-O-R-R-Y!

The sturdy fellows we suit up for the game look so vulnerable out on that field. Those bats are huge and the ball is thrown so fast. Admittedly, any injuries incurred are of small consequence. Bumps or swellings are borne as badges of courage by the stalwart players.

Preceding each game is a brief practice session and then it's "Play Ball" for the little guys, most of whom are between the ages of seven and nine. One team heads for the outfield, while those on the bench plan their strategy, in between frequent slugs from the water jugs and gum chewing that would be the envy of any big-leaguer. Finally, after

much discussion and delay, the first batter leaves the deck circle, a loosely defined area somewhere between the bench and home plate, with members of the opposing bench chanting, "batter can't hit" to encourage teammates on the field.

The coach has, by this time, enveloped himself in a cloud of optimism. A good coach has to be a congenial, clever, diplomatic guy with an inexhaustible supply of patience. He simultaneously plays mentor to the boys on the bench, scrutinizes the play on the field and keeps a wary eye on the umpire at home plate. Not the least of his worries is the task of keeping the players' parents happy and well in hand.

Unlike their big-league idols, these youngsters lack the stamina needed to last nine innings, which can be a blessing to those watching the play-by-play action. The game ends after seven innings... *unless* it's too warm, too cold, both teams have decided

they're willing to give up, or somehow it's gotten to be eight o'clock.

Without such regulations, a game could go on forever. One contest finally ended with a final score of thirty-one to ten (yes, it was over by eight o'clock). Why the impressive tally? In the Farm Team, the boys walk the bases a lot and there is a sound reason for this: try pitching to a batter with a four-inch strike zone. Fortunately, only nine players can come to bat in one inning, which prevents the game from becoming a marathon of sorts. This blessing eases the strain on the players and on a lot of other good spectators.

It came as a big shock to us mothers to find that most of the players on our home team were unknown to us. Between games we questioned our sons, hoping to discover just who was who on the team. Such information as "gets on the bus after me," "throws wicked fast," and "has a really neat bike," was hardly satisfactory. As we huddled together at games during the season, we began to make some headway at identification, but name tags were decided to be a must for next year. Put a uniform and a hat on kids that age and they all look alike.

The pitchers do throw the ball "wicked fast." Pitching in the Farm Team is extremely tiring since the batters really look the ball over before they go for it. When one mother suggested that her son swing at the ball once in awhile, he replied icily, "Why? They'll walk me." By the end of the season, we decided he had the right approach.

There are errors aplenty, making for play that is, at best, confusing. I remember one night when the boy at first base advanced to second; and the boy on second advanced to third, then moved from third back to second. Nobody had the nerve to ask for an explanation.

Interruptions are frequent and varied. It's impossible to play with your sneakers untied, and they seem to untie as frequently as the umpire shouts "Ball Four." Now and then, the game must be halted while a player discreetly leaves the field for a makeshift restroom, after nipping too long at the water jugs. To the players, the problems are understandable and routine; it's just baseball with the Farm Team.

The season is often wrapped up with a game of skill pitting the boys against their mothers. After watching one of these skirmishes, I was thankful to be spared the

ordeal. The little guys whose faithful mothers had watched lovingly and tenderly all summer long, turned into veritable tigers when game time came. Small though they were, they showed their mothers no mercy.

The women managed to hit the ball pretty well, but running the bases was another story. The band of little cronies made short work of their beloved mothers' field work, too.

By season's end, everyone vows that next year will be different. Each boy swears to play better ball. The coaches pledge patience and tolerance for their little charges. And, if confronted once more on the playing field by their sons, even the mothers plan to look a whole lot better.

After all, isn't that what baseball is all about? It is here, in the grassroots of baseball, that it all begins.

*Stevens is a freelance writer whose credits include a book on local minerals, inspired by operation of the famous family-owned Maine Mineral Store at West Paris.*





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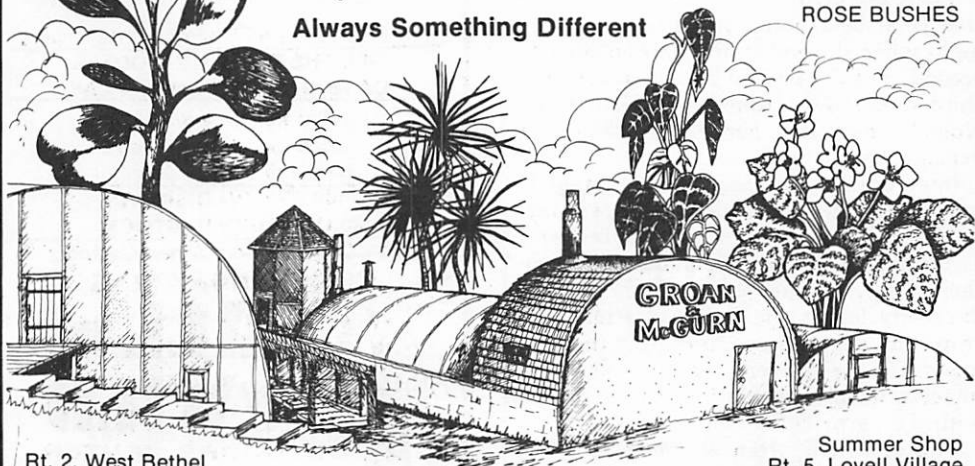


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THIRD ANNUAL ART & ARTISANS SHOW & SALE: benefiting the Charlotte Hobbs Memorial Library, Sat. Aug. 19, 11 a.m. - 4 p.m., Millbank Manor, corner of Rts. 5 & 9, Lovell; professional quality artwork & crafts colorfully displayed outdoors.

## THEATRE

THOMAS PLAYHOUSE: South Casco. *The Odd Couple*, July 4 - July 9, Aug. 1 - Aug. 6; *Guys and Dolls*, July 11 - 16, Aug. 8 - Aug. 13, Aug. 22 - 27; *Charley's Aunt*, July 18 - July 23, Aug. 15 - Aug. 20; *Godspell*, July 25 - July 30, Aug. 29 - Sept. 3.

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Kaufman and Moss Hart; *The White Foxes* by Lillian Hellman; *Skin Of Our Teeth* by Thornton Wilder and *Wizard of Oz* adapted by Paul Benedict, at Schaeffer Theatre, Lewiston, July 13 - Aug. 27. For schedule information, call 784-2272.

**THEATRE AT MONMOUTH:** *"The Shakespearean Theatre of Maine"* will present *Hamlet* opening June 28, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, opening July 6; *As You Like It*, opening July 13; *Volpone*, opening Aug. 10; *Old King Cole*, opening Aug. 16; Cumstom Hall, Monmouth. Call 933-2952 for schedule information.

ETC.

**JULY 4th PARADE:** Bridgton 1 p.m., leaving from Highland Lake Public Beach.

**FOUR ON THE FOURTH:** a 4.2 mile footrace sponsored by The Bridgton Pharmacy, Craftworks and Free Branch, 9 a.m. July 4th from Bridgton Country Club. Registration fee \$2; trophies, t-shirts awarded.

**100 MILE RIDE:** sponsored by The Arabian Horse Association of Maine, Oxford County Fairgrounds, July 19 - 22. For information, contact Janet Brunjer, 527-2116.

**PEQUAWKET MINI-MARATHON:** 11.5 mile footrace, July 29, 4:30 p.m., sponsored by Fryeburg Chamber of Commerce.

**CASCO BAY MARATHON:** sponsored by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Portland Parks and Recreation Depts., Sun., Sept. 17, 9 a.m. beginning outside the Portland Exposition Building and running the 26 miles to the Portland Stadium track. Entry blanks available by writing P. O. Box 3172, Portland, Me. 04104.

## SPECIALS

The Celebration Mime Theatre opens its season of summer performances at the Celebration Barn, Stock Farm Road, South Paris, Fri. and Sat., July 7 & 8 at 8 p.m. The series will continue every Fri. & Sat. night in July and Aug., presenting improvisational work, experimental works and the art of story telling, plus lots of surprises. For more information, call 743-8452 days; 743-2125 evenings. Admission: adults - \$2.00, children - \$1.00 at the door. Arrive early.

**CASCO DAYS:** JULY 27 - 29, Junior High School, Casco, sponsored by Casco Firemen's Association; Beano, midway, rides. Square Dance July 27, 7:30 p.m.; July 29 - Children's parade at 11 a.m., Old-Fashioned Days (craft exhibits, costumes, band concert, parade at 2 p.m.); supper at 5:30 p.m.

cont. Page 51



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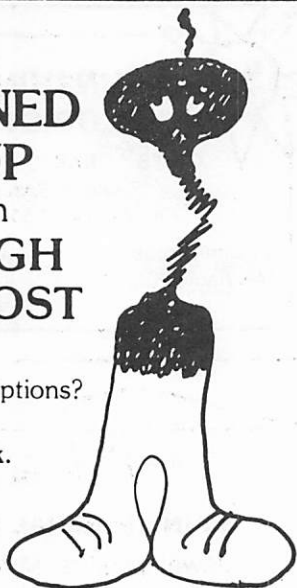
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**WANTED:** People who like old things and local history to join in the *Norway Historical Society*. Meetings held the third Wednesday of each month at Norway Library, 7:30 p.m. For information, call 527-2386.

**WANTED:** Old pictures of local landmarks for **BitterSweet's Can You Place It** page. Small payment upon printing. Picture returned to sender. Box 301, Oxford, Me. 04270.

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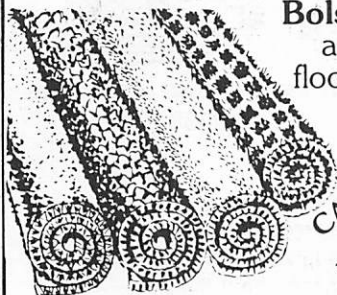
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#### BRAINTEASER IV

You have 12 golf balls numbered one through twelve, one of which is defective in that it weighs more or less than the others. They are identical in every other way. You have only a set of balance scales which do not tell weight, but which will balance when equal weights are put on each side. How could you, in three weighings, determine which golf ball is defective and whether it is lighter or heavier?

*The earliest postmarked correct answer (along with the reasoning behind it) will win its sender a year's subscription to BitterSweet.*

Winners of Brainteaser III were Richard McLaughlin of South Paris and Lyle E. Wiggin of Bethel.

Both men reasoned that since the man in the back doesn't know the color of his hat, at least one of the hats ahead of him must be white. If the man in the center saw a black hat ahead of him, he would know that his own hat must be white. Since he doesn't know this, the hat ahead of him must be white. The man in the front realizes this and, without having seen any hats, announces that his own hat is white.

Others who arrived at the correct answer were: Lois Rose, Harrison; Raymond August, Canton; Terri Leeman, Norway; Donald Carrier and Mrs. John E. Hankins, Oxford; Bill McCoy, Casco and Wilfred A. Gibson, Beaufort, South Carolina.

AT LAST WE'VE HAD A WINNER FOR BRAINTEASER II (May issue). Wilfred A. Gibson of Beaufort, South Carolina, figured out that the first man would either be a slave or a missionary, since both would say "I am a missionary." The second and third men would both be slaves.

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# Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

In reference to your article on "The Battle of Lovewell's Pond" (June issue), with the rather fanciful story of the death of Chief Paugas, it should be noted that most authorities give the credit to Ensign Wyman.

Lyle E. Wiggin  
Bethel

Congratulations on BitterSweet. It seems to me that you are doing very well in making an interesting magazine.

...I think you should specify that those answering Brainteasers should explain the solution in each case. A person could just guess (the right answer) and send that in... without understanding the solution at all.

Mrs. John E. Hankins  
Oxford

We agree with Mrs. Hankins and, starting in this issue, will follow her advice and explain the reasoning behind Brainteaser Solutions. Ed.



**STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL:** Bethel Congregational Church, July 8.

**MOLLYOCKETT DAY:** in Bethel, July 15.

**HARRISON OLD HOME DAYS:** July 13, 14, 15; Carnival at Crystal Lake. Open Thurs. (Camper's Night) and Fri. at 6 p.m.; Kiddies' Costume Parade Fri. at 6:30, followed by Lions Club Barbeque Chicken Supper; Sat. Midway open all day, Parade at 2 p.m., Cloggers in the evening.

**OXFORD HILLS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BEAN HOLE BEAN FESTIVAL:** Sat., July 29, Oxford Fairgrounds, Rt. 26, Oxford, beginning at 2 p.m. Featuring, in addition to Doc Hall's world-renowned baked beans and trimmings, entertainment by the Country Cousins, Swinging Bears Square Dancers and Max Pulsifer on the calliope; Firemen's Muster; Sharon Poulin's Horseshow and Kiwanis Auction.

**FIREMAN'S MUSTER:** Featuring old-fashioned handtubs from throughout New England in competition at the Oxford County Fairgrounds, Aug. 5, 12:30 p.m., sponsored by Norway and South Paris Fire Departments. Parade preceding muster, 9:30 a.m., leaving from The Court House, South Paris through Norway to Fairgrounds.

**BRIDGTON ROAD RALLY:** sponsored by the Hospital Guild, Aug. 20, 12 noon, leaving from Bridgton Junior High School.

**SEBAGO-LONG LAKE CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL:** Concerts at 8 p.m., Bridgton Academy Chapel, North Bridgton; July 18, Purcell, Donizetti, Dohnanyi, Beethoven; July 25, Haydn, Britten, Couperin, Mozart; Aug. 1, Respighi, Knight, Bach, Roussel; Aug. 8, Telemann, Beethoven, Brahms; plus Recital Series, 7:30 p.m. July 20, 27, Aug. 3. For more information, write Box 147, North Bridgton, Maine 04057.



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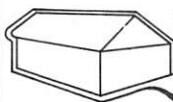
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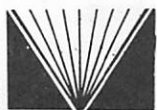
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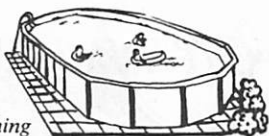


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... Page 33

doing something he wouldn't want to do when he cooled off, but would go ahead with out of a sense of personal honor if he felt responsible for having enlisted the others' support in a cause.

Except for straightening to about an eighty-five degree lean, Brandon remained motionless.

Emery's finger stopped shaking and his hand was still, suspended over the stove. He was silent for a moment and his eyes widened as he recalled exactly what he had just said, letting it sink in slowly. He folded his hands behind himself, resting them on the prominence of his posterior, a movement that caused his stomach to lurch forward. His voice was much calmer now.

"We'll see-seed, Linwood... that's it!... that's the answer to the hul problem. You know boys, I heard one's 'bout a little place... island I think 'twas... 'yep, an island, somewheres near Australia. One a my cousins told me. He was in Australia on some kind of furlough from Veet-Nam. He told me there's this little island, real small... they see-seeded from somewhere an' now they're all rich as royalty. They found out half the island was just a pile of bird droppings... stuff was jest all over the place and half a mile deep... birds been stoppin' over there ta rest since back in day one, ya know... not a bg island. Fert'lizer company wanted the stuff bad... talked big money for it. So, this little island, wth no moer folks on it than Speedunk here jest up an' see-seeded an' went into the fert'lizer business. Neerow or Nawru or some foolish name like that, the island was. Anyways, they're stil see-seeded... their own country. They set their own prices on things, an' set their own pay wages an' run the hul show. They'd hafta tax themselves too, so they probably ain't got no taxes 'tal."

Linwood looked like a seventy year old boy listening to a fairy tale. He was spellbound imagining himself stretched out on the beach somewhere in the Pacific surrounded by palm trees and hula girls, far from the cold winds and knee-high snow.

Brandon continued gazing at the center of the stove pipe. "Think they could use some experienced See-lectmen, Mr. Chairman?"

Linwood asked.

"What ya wanta go there for, Linwood? Weee... are gonna have the same thin' right here in Squeedunk. Weee are gonna see-seed. This town can't afford them new taxes, we're jest poor folks. I'd sure like ta see them politicians come on down here ta Squeedunk and jest pay me what they say my poor, tired little farm is worth."

Emery's arms slipped to his sides and his fists were clenched. He squinted his eyes and gritted his teeth, and the bumps popped up under his sideburns, again.

"How come the state's tellin' us what the land is worth now anyways? We are the See-lectmen, Oversee-ers a' the Poor, an Ass-essors. We're supposed to Ass-ess. But, no, the state says we jest ain't ass-essing' what we're supposed 'ta be ass-essin' so they jest tell us what we gotta ass-ess. Well, bull! We'll see-seed and ass-ess what we dang well wanta ass-ess, that's what we'll do!"

Emery folded his farms behind himself again and his front made another lurch forward. Linwood coughed and began taking the pieces of a toothpick which had been chewed into a thousand splinters from his mouth. They had both forgotten that Brandon was there.

"Now, you jest think 'bout this for a minute, Linwood," Emery said. "If we was ta see-seed, we could set up some toll houses at the town line on every r'ud comin' into Squeedunk, only they'd be customs houses too... town line would be the U. S. border, ya know. We could raise a bundle of money jest chargin' outsiders... aliens they'd be then.. ta come in or pass through... an' charge double for them tourists. We'd have jest plenty a land for the young folks... we could nationalize all the land that didn't belong to Squeedunk residents... uh, citizens... year round ones, I mean. We'd still be poor folks, a-course;; ain't no big pile a' bird droppins 'round Squeedunk, so's we could petition the U. S. for some of that there foreign aid money. Hah! Wouldn't that frost the ol' Gov'nor?"

Linwood shook his head. "Don't think they'd be givin' us any of that foreign aid, Mr. Chairman. They'd be apt to be a mite cross with us, don't you think?"

Emery brought his right arm around and started shaking his finger in Linwood's direction again.

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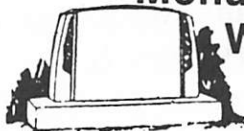
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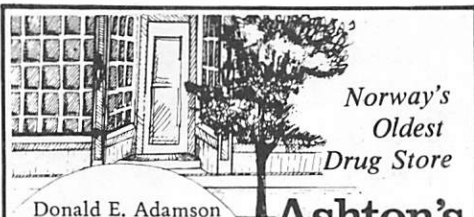
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nation game they play down there in Washin'ton, Linwood? They give that there foreign aid so's they can put your name down on that friendly nation list. They know dang well that if'n they don't cough up the foreign aid money, you'll wind up on the Russian friendly nation list."

He wrapped his arm around his back again and cupped the hand he'd left in the cold.

"Don't you worry none, Linwood, they'll come up with that foreign aid. They don't want no national see-curity threat right dab in the middle a New England. They'd hafta have those U2 planes goin' over all the time lookin' for those missile bases an' everythin'... why, we could build one awful big airstrip down there on the flats beyond Sanderson's place... we'd sure have one hundred per cent employment, Linwood... we'd hafta have us a border patrol to keep people from tryin' ta come over the fence that the U. S.'ll put up 'round us ta keep their taxpayers from dee-fectin'... an' we'll need customs people... an' think a all the Ambassadors we'd hafta have... one for every country in the hul worl'... first thin' we'd hafta do is recognize them Quee-beck folks as a country an' start us a friendly nation list. We'd hafta make ol' Doc Templay the Health Minister, an' ol' Bertha Langley the Education Minister... an' Preacher Titcomb... he'd head up the State Department..."

"I want to be Finance Minister," Linwood said with a sly smile.

"Finance Minister you got, Linwood," Emery replied with a look on his face that honestly implied he wanted everyone to be happy. "Course, these are jest suggestions don't ya know... it'll all be up ta whoever's boss afta the see-cession."

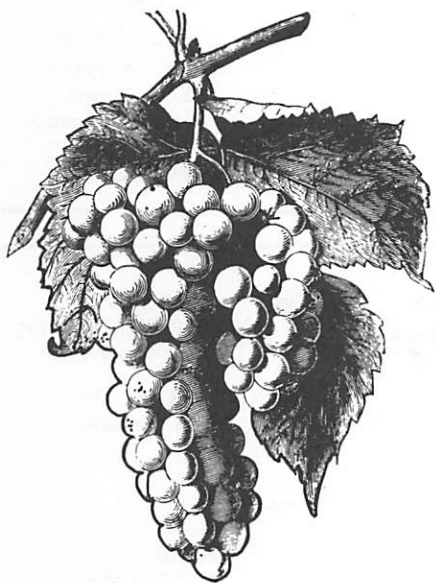
"Well gosh, Emery, you're the Chairman a the Board a See-lectmen, you'll be the President first, 'least 'til your term is up," Linwood said as though he knew there'd be no question of that as far as anyone was concerned.

"That might be so for jest a little bit Linwood, but ya know we'll hafta have us a hul set a laws an' constitution an' everythin'. People might not want a President after havin' one so long. People might want an Emperor, or a King even, an' we'd hafta have a new election for somethin' like that... I mean aft'all... somethin' like that there is for

Page 58...



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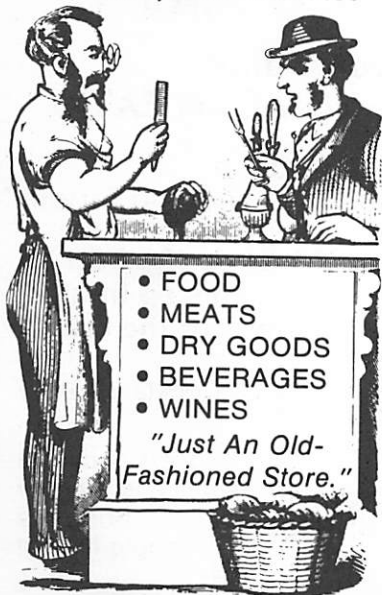
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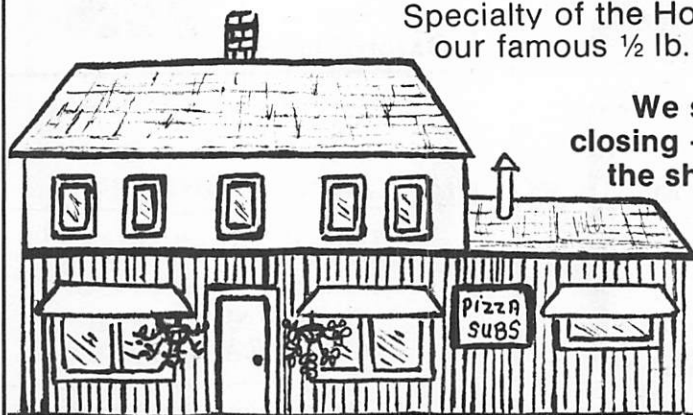
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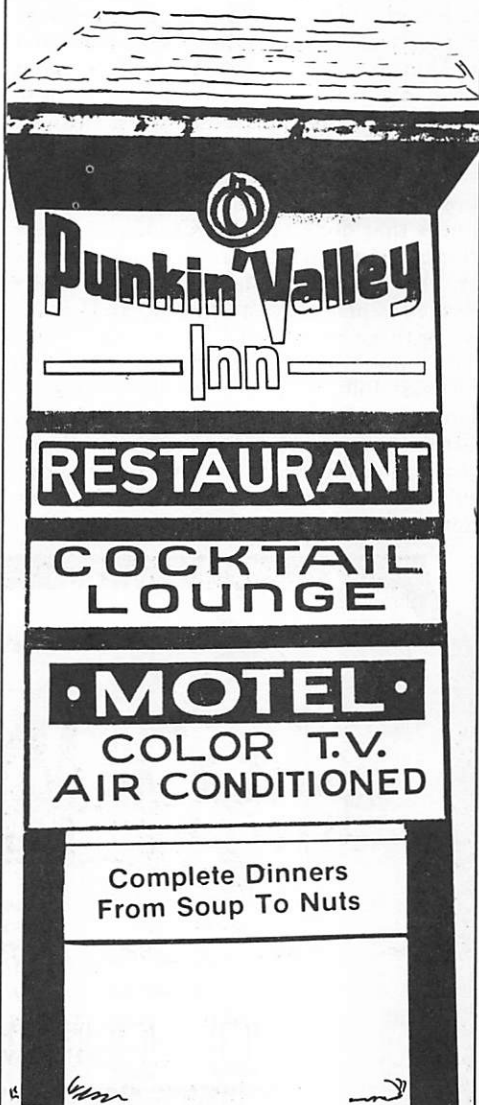
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life, ya know, not jest some scant three years... this is gonna hafta be done up right, ya know."

Emery threw his head back and looked at the ceiling. He was very satisfied with himself. He'd never thought of himself as the founder of a new nation. He looked over at the wall behind the map table and envisioned a picture of himself hanging there, his frame dressed up like George Washington, his face wearing its meanest look, big bumps under his sideburns.

"We'll hafta do these laws up right, Linwood... none a them funny cigarettes... none a that dope in Squeedunk... we'll jest dee-port 'em down to Cranston's Corner ta set the record straight." Emery's voice lowered to just above a whisper, "an I know a two or three 'round here that wanta be givin' that some real serious thought. An' that shiftless Bill Hendrix, he jest betta be plannin' on eight hours a day on border patrol... or customs... or somethin'... wouldn't make much uv an Ambassador... ain't drawn a sober breath since VJ Day... but there won't be no more a that-there

welfare... not in Squeedunk...nosirree... won't need it no way... be plenty a jobs... an' there won't be none a them there unions either... jest a bunch a troublemakers... Communists is what they are..."

Linwood looked puzzled.

"You know we'll sure have to do a lot a importin', Mr. Chairman." Linwood was usually overpowered by the strength of Emery's personalty and didn't realize, until he'd said it, that he had spotlighted a flaw in Emery's theory. "I... mean... fuel an' eelectricity an' food staples... tools... an'... such. Prob'ly be a lot a them tourists goin' through our toll houses though."

Emery tilted his head to one side, drew the right corner of his mouth back hard, closed, and then opened his eyes slowly and looked at Linwood as though he were a fool. "FOREIGN AID, LINWOOD... FOREIGN AID..." Then, realizing that he was yelling, Emery lowered his voice. "What we can't pay cash for we get in foreign aid... We jest send Preacher Titcomb down ta Washin'ton with a list an' he tells 'em the Russians wanta give us all this but we wanta be a U. S. friendly nation. Don't you worry none, Linwood, it's gonna be like it used ta be, only better... We



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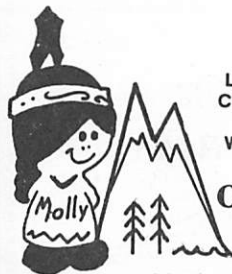


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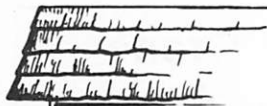
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Emery turned abruptly and walked toward the table in the center of the room. He pulled a chair back, sat down and reached for a pencil and a piece of paper. "I'm agonna start writin' a letter to the President right now, boys," Emery said, suddenly acknowledging Brandon's presence. His words came in short bursts as he pronounced each one in his best diction, "A letter... of see-session... from the new nation... of Squeedunkland."

Brandon's upper lip dropped and his mouth opened.

"Got to ask the voters first, Emery. Voters got to vote on such a thing before you start writing any letters," Brandon cautioned.

Emery's forehead wrinkled, and his brows pressed down hard over his eyes. With a dumbfounded look on his face, he said, "Voters?"

"Course, Emery," Brandon replied, never turning from the stove to face him. "Until the voters vote to secede, we're subject to the laws of the U. S. and this state, and the Squeedunk town charter. First, we have to ask the voters what they want. Then, we

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have to find out how the state laws might affect that, and how the federal laws might affect the whole picture. We'll have to get an awfully good lawyer, too. I don't think old Judge Wentworth can help us much this time. I'll bet he hasn't seen the inside of a law book in 30 years. Now, first off, when we find out what the lawyer's going to cost us, the voters just might rather pay the extra taxes and forget the whole affair."

Emery didn't say another word. He got up slowly and walked back to the side of the stove, crossed his arms on his barrel chest and, turning his back to the warmth, resumed his watch out the west window.

Linwood could see just enough of a deep, pink sky over Emery's shoulder to know that he was missing one of the winter's prettiest sunsets. His eyes shifted from the large, knotted lumps under Emery's sideburns, which he had never witnessed from behind before, down to the stove. Then he quickly closed them as tightly as he could. Linwood didn't want to see what he saw. He didn't dare to tell the Chairman of the Squeedunk Board of Selectmen that, at this moment, his back shirt tail was laying on the stove, smoldering.



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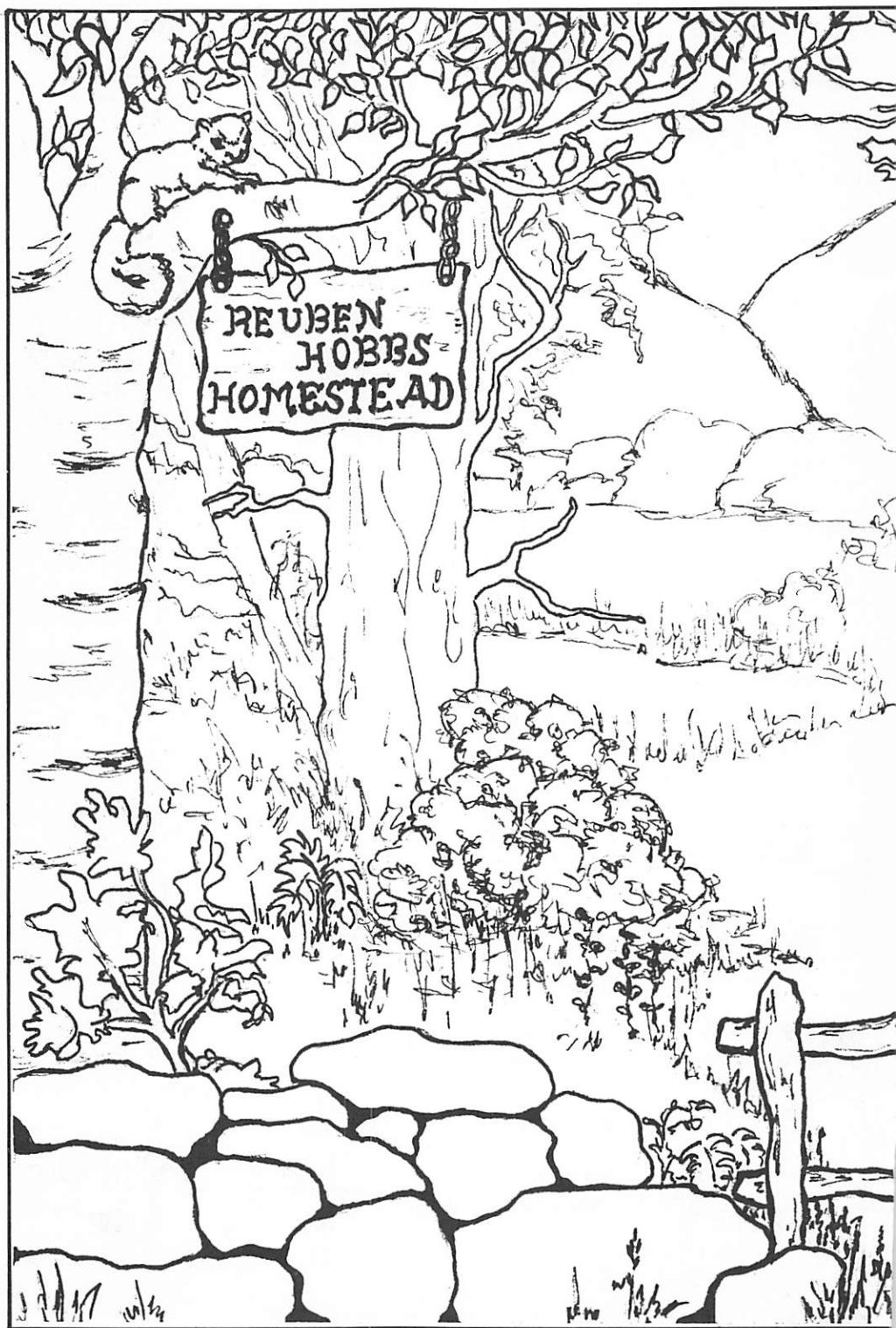
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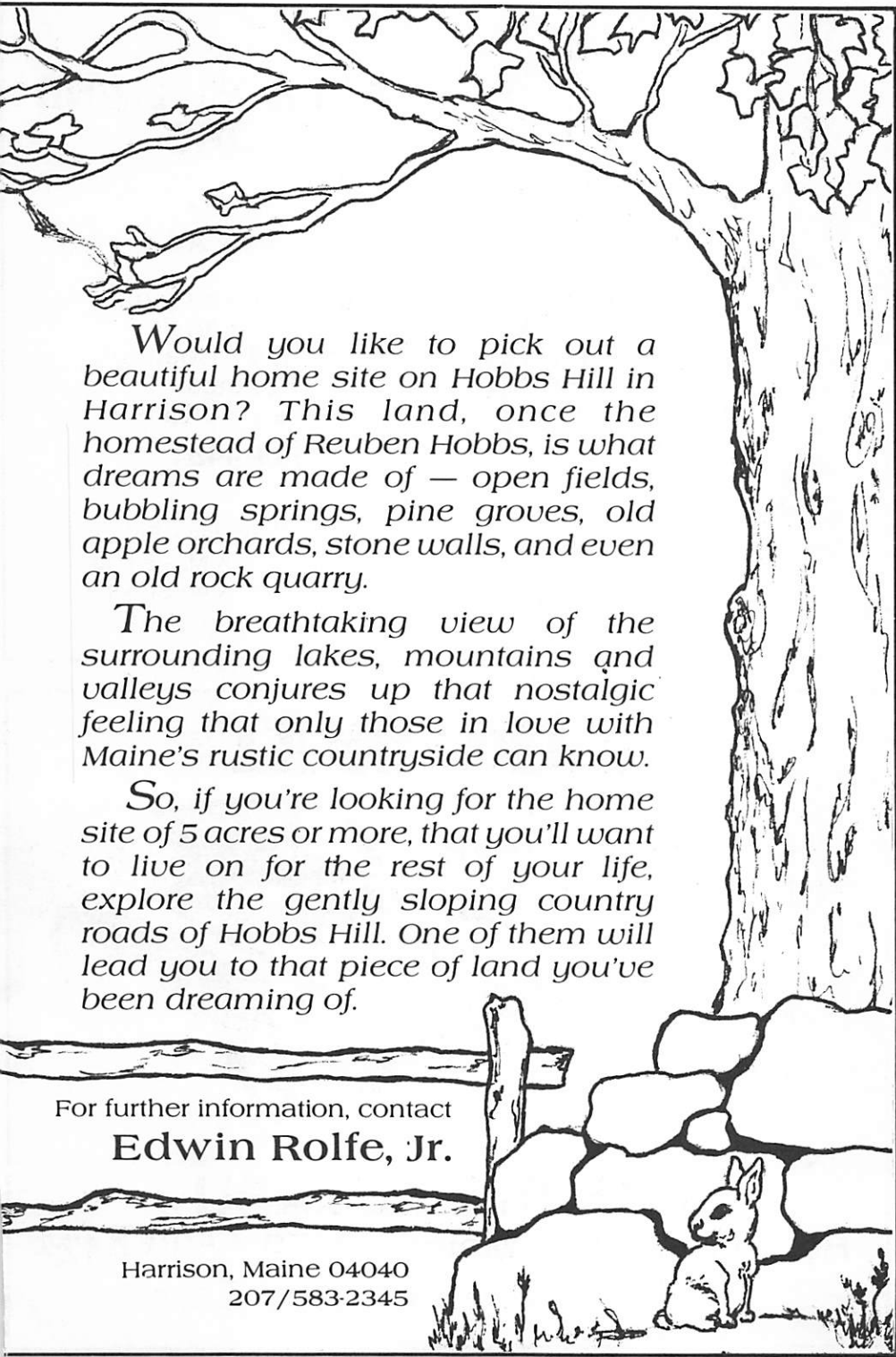
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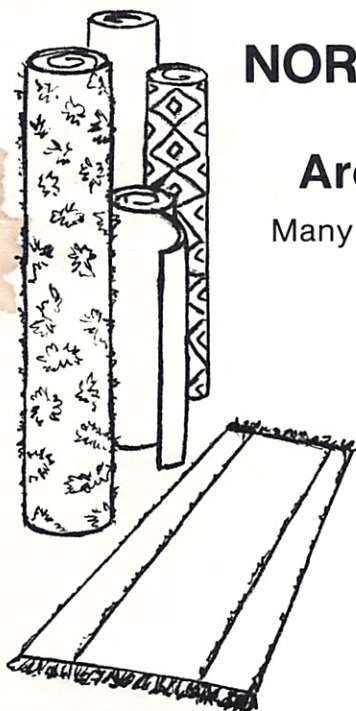
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